THE THEATRE

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Sarony

MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARP AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

White Arthur Forrest Constance Collier Tyrone Power

Act II. Thais (Constance Collier): "To thee I'll sing; before thee I'll dance!"

SCENE IN PAUL WILSTACH'S DRAMATIZATION OF ANATOLE FRANCE'S NOVEL "THAIS" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

NEW THEATRE. "The Arrow Maker." Play in three acts by Mary Austin. Produced February 27 with this cast:

Choco ..... Stewart Baird	The Chisera .... Edith Wynne Matthison
Winnedumah ..... John Sutherland	Bright Water ..... Leah Bateman-Hunter
Pamaquash ..... Reginald Barlow	White Flower .... Elsie Herndon Kearns
Yavi ..... Albert Easdale	Tuiyo ..... Lewise Seymour
Fleetfoot ..... Edwin Cushman	Seyavi ..... Barbara King
Tavwots ..... Pedro de Cordoba	Simwa ..... Frank Gillmore
Seegooche ..... Ethel Brandon	Great Hawk ..... Ben Johnson
Tiawo ..... Helen Reimer	Rain Wind ..... E. M. Holland
Wacoba ..... Olive Oliver	Haiwai ..... Mary Doyle

"The Arrow Maker" is another exhibition of the virtuosity that rules at the New Theatre, of an excellence on the technical side of production which undoubtedly sets the highest mark ever reached in the history of the stage in the United States. This excellence has been proved again and again, is not casual, and is a permanent resource. The New Theatre could not be expected to accomplish all its objects in its brief existence up to this time. It so happens that this virtue in production is its defect. It will cease to be a defect when plays of a high spiritual quality are obtained in sufficient numbers to offset these merely external advantages. Mr. George Forster Platt is a stage manager, and represents, with all his skill and intelligence, the one danger that threatens our stage at large—the domination of stage management. The first and commanding force at a theatre should be the playwright, first, last, and all the time. In the very nature of the art the stage manager, important and indispensable as he is, is an inferior person to the playwright, and should be taught to keep his place. Here is a play in which the stage manager would naturally revel. Everything would be correct; the shawls would be woven in Indian looms; the habiliments would be true to a feather; the pigments would be right to a shade; the tepees would have their flaps properly disposed; the smoke would ascend in the spiral curves of the true atmosphere; the war dances would be correct in physical contortion, grunts and yowls—everything would be a triumph of realism.

But the play? It is not there. It is a series of moving pictures amid beautiful scenery. It is the idealized Indian with everything about him so clean that each picture would answer for an advertisement of Sapolio. We do not object to idealism. We have no prejudice against cleanliness. But where is the play? At best "The Arrow Maker" has not enough dramatic logic in it, with incidents enough, to cover an evening's performance. It is poetic but crude. There is little or no skill of the playwright in it. The story belongs to the a b c's of the dramatic art. The Priestess (she used to be known as the vestal Virgin) has a secret and guilty love affair with a young tribesman, who later is chosen as the chief, and having tired of the Priestess, marries a girl of his choice. The betrayed Priestess ceases to hold communion with the gods; famine and disaster follow. The cause is discovered. The young chief (the Arrow Maker) is slain by the tribe, and the avenged Priestess throws an arrow upon which she has bestowed her benediction into the cañon, where the enemies of the tribe are, and destroys or drives them away, whereupon peace and prosperity rule again.

This is merely a story; it is not a play. Its

ROBERT MANTELL

Shortly to be seen in Shakespearian repertoire at the New Theatre

ending is a *non sequitur*. Where is the sympathy for the Priestess? Where is the tragedy of soul? There is but one point of interest in the play, and that is where the tribe turns on the seducer and slays him with a multitude of fierce and deadly thrusts. This sudden, terrible vengeance, this wreaking of an outraged people's wrath is a thrilling, passionate scene which, acted with vivid realism, gives the simulacrum of actual tragedy! There is, of course, a momentary interest in the plight of the Priestess, who has given herself, body and soul, to the handsome young tribesman, for there is nothing more pathetic than this abandonment of one's self, than this state of mind and heart and soul, of blind impulse, than this condition of being that makes one forget every obligation to God, to self, to those nearest to her, and to the world.

In many ways the play is a triumph. It is an ethnological study, true enough as to externals. It is beautiful. As insistent as they are on the Continent for significance and logic in a play, "The Arrow Maker" would overcome every objection and probably be received as a striking novelty there. Reduced to its equivalent in plain English terms the story has no novelty whatever, and is wholly deficient in the requisite number of turns in an action to make that action interesting. The details are all details of blankets and war paint and head coverings of feathers and the like. The war dances are vigorous, but the action of the play is lethargic. It is extremely interesting to the eye, but only mildly so to the intelligence. It does not grip. It is an impressionistic thing. If we should tell the story with its Indian names, it would be at once plain that the impressionism of it all is merely on the surface.

Otto Sarony Co.
KITTY GORDON
Now appearing at the Winter Garden

Chisera is a young medicine woman of the Sagharawite tribe, in love with Simwa, the Arrow Maker, who deserts her and marries Bright Water, whose companions are White Flower, Tuiyo and Seyavi, while the tribesmen are Choco, Winnedumah, Pamaquash, Yavi, Fleetfoot, and Tavwots; Seegooche is the wife of the Chief, Tiawa, an old woman, and Wacoba is set down on the bill as a "matron," and so is Haiwai; among the fighting men are Great Hawk and Rainwind. If you will fix your eye intently on these names and set them revolving, you will get the impression of the play. It is all worth seeing, for it is one of the New Theatre's real achievements.

Edith Wynne Matthison played Chisera with her customary distinction and charm. There is but one Edith Wynne Matthison, and fortunate is the New Theatre that possesses her. Of course, the other players were capable, but to lavish praise on them would be worse than perfunctory, for it is wholly unnecessary, and not one of them believes in his heart that he did anything extraordinary except to wear paint and feathers. The comeliness of some of the younger women of the company was not effaced by pigments and blankets and feathers, but enhanced. The effect of the just mentioned succedaneums was in no wise disadvantageous to the men, in some cases entirely obliterating personality. The incidental music and dances, based on Indian themes, were composed and contrived by Mr. Elliot Schenck. The songs and chants were taken from phonographic records of Indian music.

The Indian dances, all of which were novel and interesting, were taught by Chief Red Eagle. In every respect, the production is a most noteworthy one.

Charlotte Ives and John Mason — Amelia Gardner and John Mason — John Mason and Chrystal Herne

SCENES IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S NEW PLAY "AS A MAN THINKS" AT NAZIMOVA'S 39TH ST. THEATRE

Copyright Charles Frohman

Richie Ling — Irene Fenwick — A. Hamilton Revelle

Act. III. The Pantomime Dance

SCENE IN PAUL M. POTTER'S NEW PLAY "THE ZEBRA," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

CRITERION. "The Happiest Night of His Life." Play in three acts by Junie McCree and Sydney Rosenfeld. Composer, Albert Von Tilzer. Produced February 20 with this cast:

Harry Jelliman ..... Phil Riley
Martha Jelliman ..... Julia Ralph
Popsy ..... Sallie Stembler
Tom Dawson ..... Jack Henderson
Minnie Randolph....Annabelle Whitford
Mrs. Clark ..... Leola Lucey
Mrs. Dearborn .....Lillian Stanton
Mrs. Washington .....Rose Leslie
Mrs. Madison ..... Maud Le Roy
Mrs. Monroe ..... Dorothy Page
Mrs. Adams .....Beryl Marsden
Mrs. Wabash .....Edythe Gilbert
Mrs. Lake .....Bessie Stewart
Officer Flannigan .....Junie McCree
Herman Schultz ....Will A. McCormick
Dick Brennan ..... Victor Moore
Mrs. Ricketts ..... Mae Phelps
Jane Ricketts .....Gertrude Vanderbilt
Popsy's Little Sister....Emma Littlefield
Anastasia McIntyre ....Charles E. Walt
Nell Grogan .....Jack Fairbanks
John .....James C. O'Neill
Dan .....Victor H. Bozardt
Tom .....George W. Steteler
Pete .....Edward C. Yeager
Chimmy .....Harry Smithfield
Post L. Carried .....Henry Ward

If a man of sixty finds the happiest night of his life carousing in the so-called Tenderloin of New York, the Earth is a sorry abode and life is a poor thing. And this is said of a father who must have had the experience of love and courtship, of marriage with the one desired in his youth, with all the ties that follow. There is no happiness that cannot be found at home, and in the only relations that last. Perhaps the authors meant the gayest night of his life. Perhaps they thought it did not matter what they meant. But it does matter. Their whole idea is vulgar, and made worse by slang that has lost its piquancy. There is nothing more stupid and in worse form than frank and perhaps unconscious vulgarity. In pieces of this kind, if there is a bottle or a punch bowl in sight all the action gravitates toward it. The Professor, in this case, having occasion to leave the stage hurriedly, takes six drinks in rapid succession by means of the ladle and the cup plied simultaneously. There is a convention of widows in town from Chicago. It is needless to say that they are captivatingly demure and yet arch, and that they dance and sing alluringly.

Mr. Victor Moore is a sport (always a refined person in pieces of this sort, full of sentiment and song), who arranges a plan by which the nephew of the old man, who has the happiest night of his life, who has stolen five hundred dollars from his uncle, can return it to him. The night off accomplishes it in some way. Thus, the old fool, the sport, and the young thief, have a happy time in rounding matters up. Incidentally the sport, in "carrying out their plan," disguises himself as a clergyman by putting on smoked glasses, smoothing out his hair, turning down the lapels of his coat, and otherwise assuming the part. A clergyman in his cups is naturally more amusing than when he is entirely sober. If the sport is not drinking, he is giving a pantomimic imitation of how the bartender opens a bottle. This bit is very clever. Mr. Moore is very clever, graceful, attractive. He only needs to find a more suitable vehicle. The sport marries the Widow. That is about all, except that a few of the dances and songs were acceptable. Annabelle Whitford and Gertrude Vanderbilt were comely and pleasing. Phil Ryley, who had the happiest night of his life, is a capital actor. Mr. Junie McCree, one of the authors, appearing in the piece as a police officer, who had lent his uniform to a peddler of sausages, and was trying to get it back, made a speech at the proper time, as is the custom.

Bangs — MLLE. DAZIE
Danseuse at the Winter Garden

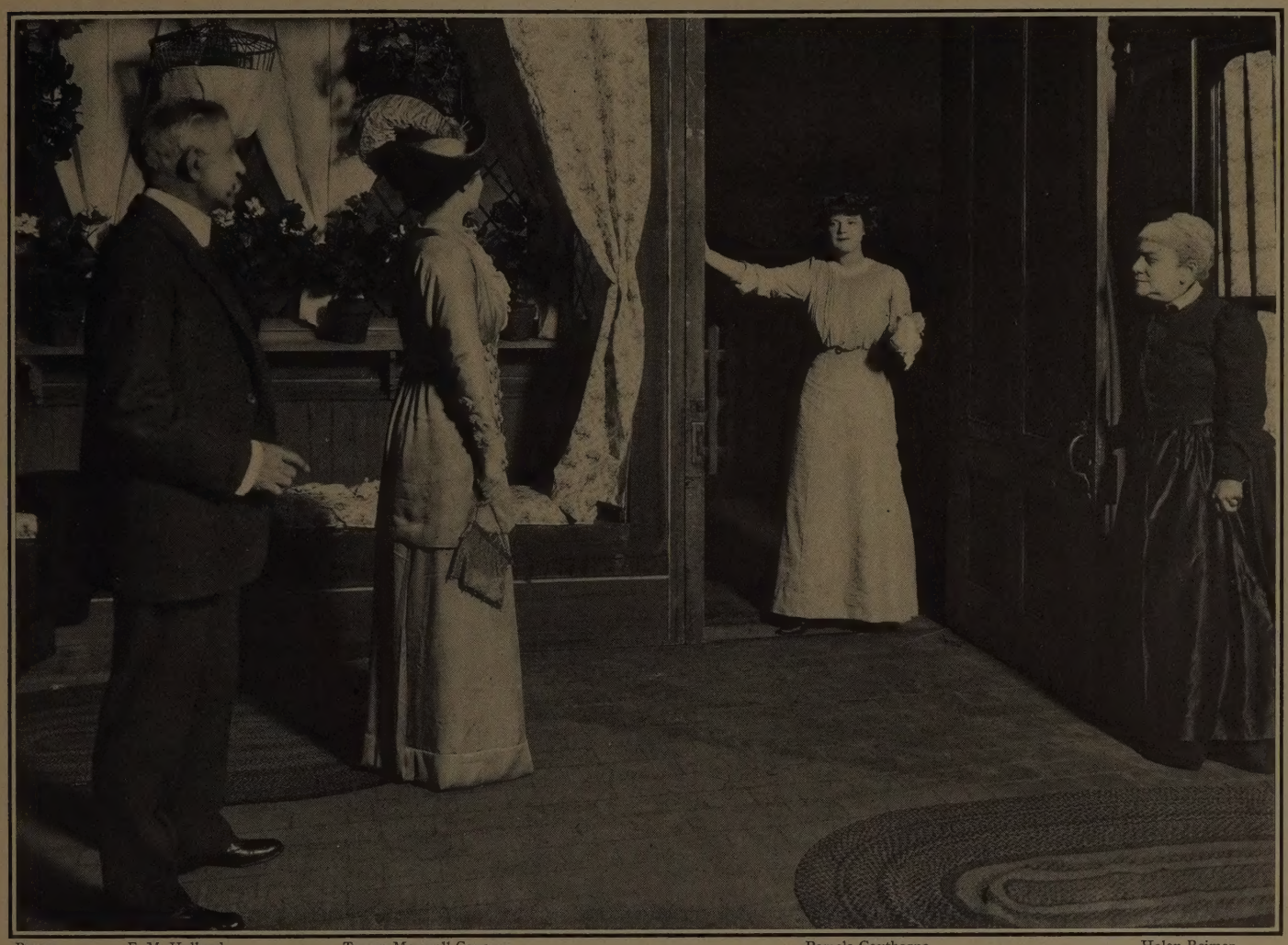
NAZIMOVA'S 39th St. "As a Man Thinks." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced March 13 with this cast:

Vedah Seelig, Charlotte Ives; Doctor Seelig, John Mason; Holland, footman, Ernest Wilkes; Butler, Ralph Samone; Mrs. Clayton, Chrystal Herne; Julian Burrill, Vincent Serrano; Benjamin De Lota, Walter Hale; Frank Clayton, John Flood; Mrs. Seelig, Amelia Gardner; Sutton, butler, W. H. Sadler; Miss Doane, nurse, Gail Kane; Dick, Master Raymond Hackett; Judge Hoover, William Sampson.

Some three years ago at a public meeting Augustus Thomas said that plays, to be vital, must necessarily be upon subjects that are in the public mind and that the task of a dramatist was not only to write a good play, but to look far enough ahead in the choice of a subject to have that subject timely when the play should

(Continued on page ix)

Scenes in "Nobody's Daughter," Recently Seen at Daly's Theatre



Byron E. M. Holland Teresa Maxwell-Conover Pamela Gaythorne Helen Reimer

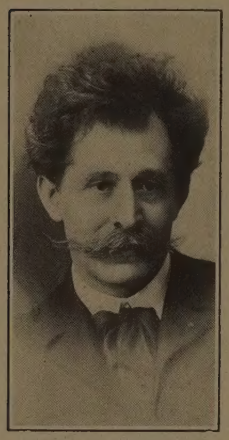
ACT I. HONORA MAY (PAMELA GAYTHORNE) ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO MARRY A MECHANIC

Byron Mrs. Teresa Maxwell-Conover A. E. Anson E. M. Holland

ACT III. MR. FRAMPTON (A. E. ANSON) ACCUSES HIS WIFE

Porto-Riche and His Sensational New Play

"I AM the heartbreak over fallen things, the wail over the world of all that weep!" This seems to be the cry of the most remarkable of modern French dramatists, whose latest play, "Vieil Homme," has been the most discussed and enthusiastically received event of many seasons.



GEORGES DE PORTO-RICHE

Georges de Porto-Riche is looked upon by a vast number of admirers as one of the greatest playwrights France has ever produced. Some even declare him to be the equal of Racine and Molière. By others, he is regarded as standing supremely alone,—the greatest of all modern dramatists. Be this as it may, critics cannot tell, and posterity alone can judge,—the fact remains that he is indeed one of the supremely great writers of our time.

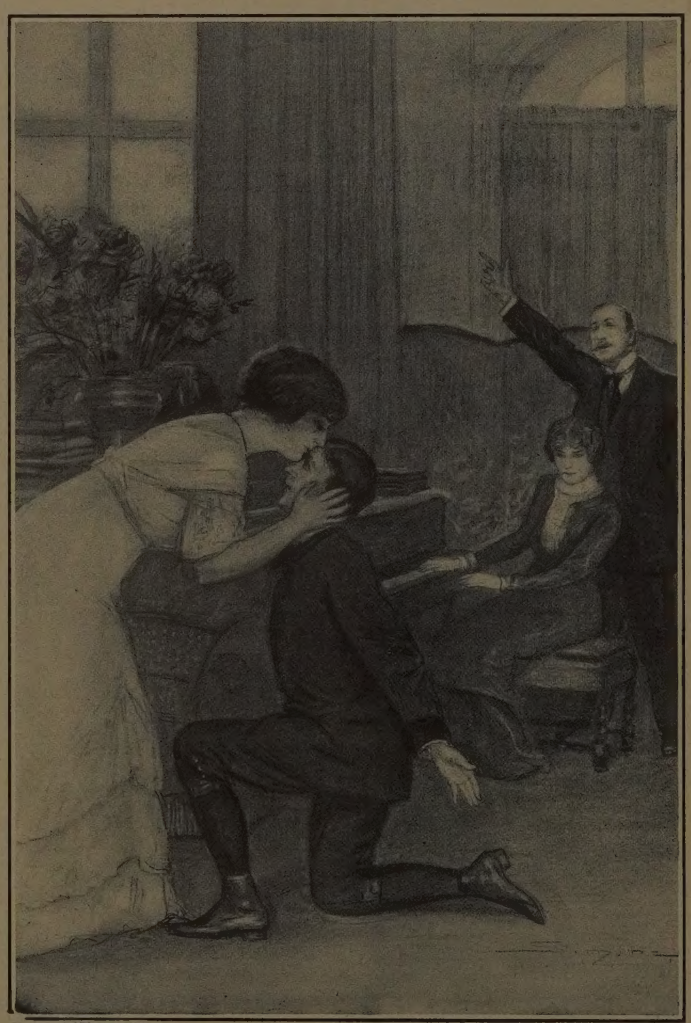
The production of a new play from his pen causes the same passionate, feverish excitement that a Hauptmann drama or a Strauss opera does in Germany, or a Rostand tragedy or Massenet opera in Paris. It is even more than an artistic or literary event, it has become almost national; for this man is the symbol of the temperamental tendencies of his race; he presents the sweeping tide of the ruling forces of their average life. He looks down on them like some sad eyed eagle, watching them being carried resistlessly along by a fearful current of drowning sensualism. To him all that constitutes their power, their unescapable charm, their art, culture, wit, wisdom and genius is all-encircled, permeated by the dominating power of the flesh. Porto-Riche is too great an artist to be a mere preacher, too great a man to use his genius to amuse or to add to the sentimental breeders of hypocrisies. He is a man with as trenchant a message to deliver as Ibsen, Tolstoy, Balzac or Zola. What his message is we shall see.

Between the years 1871 and 1879 Porto-Riche produced several plays and volumes of verse. The great purport of his artistic life began with the series of plays grouped under the title "Théâtre d'Amour." They include "La Chance de Françoise," produced for the first time December 10th, 1888, "L'Infidèle," produced at the Théâtre d'Application in 1890; "Amoureuse," at the Odéon in 1891; "Le Passé," in 1897. Since 1897 no new play had appeared from his pen. There have been many revivals of his four other dramas, but he himself withdrew into silence. Obscurity enfolded him and for nearly fourteen years little was heard of him. This apparent halt in the middle of his creative life caused no little conjecture, criticism and discussion. Although prolificness is no mark of genius, some accused him of laziness, others began to dispute the worth of his former works. But dissensions gradually ceased when the news crept out that the isolated poet had completed another drama which had been secured for the Renaissance by the indefatigable efforts of M. Tarride. The splendid reception, the great outburst of spontaneous applause which was awarded the drama must have been welcome to the artist after the many years of untiring labor, griefs, loss and revelation which have gone to the making of this drama of flesh and blood and desolating tragedy.

The play is very long. It ceases almost to be drama. It is more like some new and intimate unfoldment, clairvoyantly revealed to us of a psychological battle of souls. It is so pregnant, so *near* in its simplest detail that one sits without impatience, in utter absorption through four and a half hours of subtlest analyses. This in itself is a triumph in these days when art in the theatre has so nearly succumbed to the commercial. Its grandeur of atmosphere, profundity of treatment, the amazing individual performances of the various artists, remarkable even in Paris, this city of superb acting, cannot be conveyed on paper; neither the astonishing detail of the action nor the peculiar and delicate eloquence of the dialogue.

The plot is not complicated. The same simple set is kept throughout the five acts. A large, light room, great windows wide open at the back, work-room, library, music and drawing-room in one; outside a rose garden, the blue of a river and the high mountains. The household consists of Michel Fontanet, his wife Thérèse, Augustin, their young son of sixteen; Chavassieux, Thérèse's father; a young girl secretary and a servant. The only other character in the play is Brigitte Allain.

For five years the Fontanets have lived here in retirement, since their departure from Paris, owing to reverses in their fortunes due to Michel's reckless way of living. They have now a printing and publishing business, fast becoming prosperous, thanks to the untiring efforts of Thérèse, the beautiful, serious, saddened but devoted wife of Fontanet. One gathers that her life has been one long martyrdom of suspicion, proof and agony. The early years of her marriage were chiefly spent at the bedside of her delicate child, in a clairvoyant knowledge of her husband's infidelities. But since their retirement to the country, despite the black shadows over her past, and her complete comprehension of her frivolous, irresponsible husband whom she yet loves, the five years have been spent in comparative happiness and peace.



From *L'Illustration*

Mlle. Lantelme (Mme. Allain) — Mlle. Margel (Augustin) — Mme. Simone (Mme. Fontanet) — M. Tarride (M. Fontanet)

SCENE IN "VIEIL HOMME" AT THE THEATRE DE LA RENAISSANCE, PARIS

Fontanet, in his careless, happy-go-lucky way, loves his wife and child, and is flattered by their adoration of him. He repeatedly swears to Thérèse that the past is completely buried, the "old Adam" vanquished and departed. But Thérèse's suspicions are only stilled. She knows too well the character, the soul of this man with his instinctive unfaithfulness, inability to speak the truth, lack of moral courage, cynical egotism and easy deceptions. But in adversity she has proven the stronger of the two,

for despite a restless, morbid, imaginative temperament, she has poise and character, and misfortune has been to her an impetus. Because she works hard and with vigilant exactitude, allowing nothing to turn her from the tasks she has set herself, her moral authority, her great love seems to have settled its peaceful and harmonious hands over the house. Their affairs prosper, even riches seem on the horizon, Michel for long has given her no cause for anxiety. It seems almost as if his love for her had become deep and comprehensive. Only occasionally does the old nostalgia seize him for Paris, the enchantment of her twilights, her light loves and infidelities. Despite his seeming contentment and gaiety there is ever and anon in his manner a suggestion that the "Vieil Homme" is not utterly vanquished, and that as long as "he is young enough to love she will be young enough to suffer."

Nevertheless a certain joy is hers. Their son, an ardent, imaginative boy, of lovely nature, prematurely serious and thoughtful, lost in dreams of noble loves and high ideals up in his mountains—creates a bond between them. The worship of his heart is concentrated on his mother, whose romantic nature and deep capacity for suffering he has inherited. This she has divined and her fears for his future constantly obsess her. Their home is alert with work, the love of books, or the joys of music. But his thoughts, despite his innocent and sheltered life, are already occupied with life and love. The atmosphere around him is too pregnant with it for him to escape. His grandfather hints at it. His heart has been struck by the tale of a young girl who has committed suicide because of despair. His parents' love for each other, all, everything speak to him of this unknown enchantment. Into this united circle one beautiful morning comes the old temptation in the attractive guise of a fascinating little Parisian, whom a former slight acquaintance in Paris and the hazard of life draw into their midst. Inheriting a chateau near by she has dropped in to ask Fontanet's advice concerning some detail of her estate. Already one scents the approach of fate, as in some Greek drama. The "Old Adam" is not dead; he has only slept, to awaken with even more life at the first approach of the call of the flesh.

Brigitte Allain is gay, pretty, witty, elegant, and seductive; her temperament mentally and morally easy-going. She is not vicious, neither deliberately cruel, she is merely shallow; admiration is the salt of life to her. No problems trouble her; she accepts without analyses amusement as it comes her way, and an incident of unfaithfulness is of no great import to her, and in no wise diminishes her self-respect, or her affection for her home and children. She is quite attractive enough to upset the equilibrium of a much less ill-balanced brain than Michel's.

Immediately the old temptation has appeared the sleeping desires of Fontanet are awakened in all their sensualistic egotism. He has but one desire, their satisfaction; and he promptly sets about with all the wiles of which he is past-master to conquer and capture Brigitte. Thérèse is not long in grasping the situation. Her senses have become sharpened through much suffering. In every look and action, despite his dissimulative art, she reads his plan and constructs for herself the proofs of his treachery. She sees his rejuvenation under the smiling eyes and gay mouth of their visitor, who has by force of circumstance become their guest for three weeks. But to add to her pain and anxiety she sees a change in her son. He too becomes gay and boyish, ceases to be a dreamer, throws aside his books and is captured by the lively moods and capricious fancies of this superficial little woman, who takes on for him all the attributes of his dreams, the mystery of his ideals. He loves her with the burning ardor, intensity and tenderness of a first and pure adoration. And while he is enchained in humble worship of this fair-eyed woman his father proceeds in his

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ETHEL BARRYMORE AS THE TYPIST IN "THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"

White HERBERT A. YOST
Playing Richard Kettle in "Over Night" at the Hackett

Bangs IRENE MOORE
Member of the Catherine Countiss Stock Co.

White RALPH KELLARD
Appearing as Adam Ladd in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

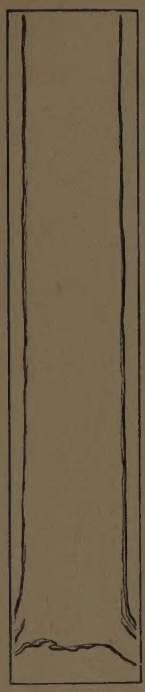
rôle of chivalrous seducer. For Michel, Augustin and Brigitte the hours pass merrily enough, only Thérèse is fearful, comprehending the danger to her boy if he awaken to the fact that this woman has become his father's mistress. For is he not marked by her capacity to suffer, her depth and single mindedness in love? Her one thought is to save him, and to do this she puts aside all her own passionate pride and resentment and throws herself on the mercy of her rival, begging her to use all her present power with Michel to urge him to go away for a while before the boy shall realize his father's unfaithfulness. But Michel, intoxicated with his new infatuation, in a terrible scene with his wife, where he sneers at her fears, denies the truth of her assertions, refuses to listen to her warnings and continues in his deceptions and assignations. Suddenly a chance hint, after a scene of the greatest delicacy and beauty between Augustin and Brigitte, reveals all to the boy—his mother's life, his father's infidelities, the connection between him and the woman he loves. There is a marvellously moving scene between the mother and son, wherein each tries to assuage the grief of the other. "I knew that when I loved, my love would spring from disaster," he cries. The end of the drama is poignant and fearful. In an excess of grief and revulsion the boy goes up into the mountains and throws himself from a cliff.

The last act is one of haunting gloom and grandeur. There is a fearful scene of denunciation between husband and wife. At last he has awakened to the fact that this son of his is a nature whose depths he cannot comprehend. The wife, in a scene of extraordinary power, casts him at length from her soul and life, her whole being bent in agony on this child of hers who has disappeared. Her husband has become a hated stranger, the accidental father of her child, whom she will know no more. The mother's anguish is imparted to the father at last. An ominous storm is raging. Nevertheless he is eager to still his fears and to go to his rendezvous with Brigitte. Between the reverberations of the thunder and the gloom of the storm, Thérèse pours out all her hate and fears and anguish. Their agony becomes mutual. This last fearful hour is perhaps their closest bond. She seems to hear her child crying to her through the storm. He is again hers in the flesh,—lying under her heart; the father an outcast,—the cruel destroyer. One hears ominous murmurings, they draw nearer, the father rushes out,—only to return with the dead boy in his arms. His one thought is first suicide and then flight, but from where she lies cast over the body of her son, the mother bids him remain.

The impression left in one's memory after leaving the Renaissance is of that high upliftment, so rarely experienced now in the theatre, which enfolds one after hearing Mottl conduct a Beethoven Symphony, or on leaving the opera house in Bayreuth or Munich. For "does not all true art constantly aspire towards the condition of music," touching us, despite its shadowed grief, with something mystic and divine? Porto-Riche's dramas do indeed come to us with the vast and solemn grandeur of some tragic, throbbing symphony, the last movement of which is not yet completed. It is difficult to speak temperately of the individual performances and *mise-en-scène* in this production. Tarride is superb in the rôle of Fontanet, completely capturing the irresponsible sensuality of the man, his easy-going cynicism and careless charm. Mlle. Margel, as the son, gives a sincere and deeply studied rendering; but it is almost an impossibility for any woman to play this part, and an extremely difficult one for any man. Mlle. Lantelme has, by her exquisite interpretation of the rôle of Brigitte, added still another success to her many conquests of the season. In addition to her beauty she has a peculiar natural grace, a sensitive, keen style, audacious yet always tactful comedy. She has a delicate, nonchalant charm, too, which is very captivating. It is a remarkably perfect ensemble, recalling in its psychological completeness Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess." The domineering performance of the drama, though, is that of Mme. Simone, the most mental and luminous artist in this city of unsurpassable actors.

GERTRUDE NORMAN.

White ANN MURDOCK
Playing Marjorie Newton in "Excuse Me" at the Gaiety Theatre

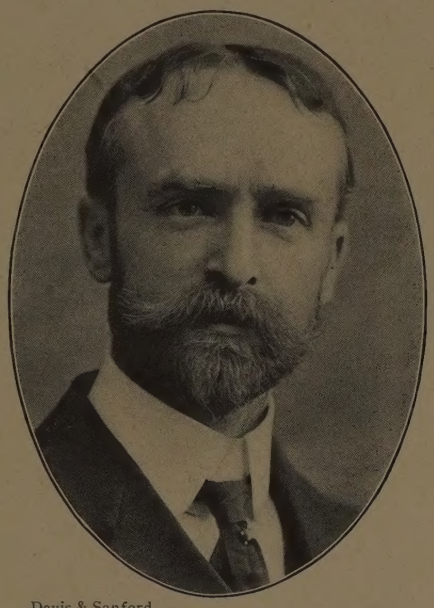


One of the trees before the light is thrown on

A REVOLUTION IN STAGE SCENERY

A NEW method of producing scenic illusion has just been devised which promises to revolutionize the mechanical side of stage productions. John W. Alexander, President of the National Academy of Design, and perhaps America's foremost painter, is the inventor. Already it has been successfully employed in Charles Frohman's production of Rostand's "Chantecler," and Mr. Frohman has announced that henceforth all the scenery used for his new productions will be done in the same way—thus effecting a saving estimated at not less than $100,000 a year.

By this method or stencilling process, as Mr. Alexander calls it, the most elaborate scenic production can be made for one-third of its present cost, and in addition the most "massive" production can be moved about the country with a still greater saving in express and other transportation charges. Instead of expensive painted scenery, unpainted gauze, stencilled into the desired shape and on which colored lights are thrown, will be used. Mr. Alexander has demonstrated that wonderful effects can be obtained by this method and he believes it will eventually replace the present type of stage scenery. The tremendous saving it effects, let alone its artistic superiority, is bound to commend it to all the producing managers.



Davis & Sanford

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

President of the National Academy of Design who has invented a new method of producing scenic illusion

Few people who have seen "Chantecler" have realized that the scenery employed in the forest scene and the scene on the crest of the hill are unpainted, that the back drops are simply black velvet curtains and that the massive looking trees are made of gauze so flimsy that they can be packed in a trunk. Yet such is the case.

But let Mr. Alexander himself explain his stencilling process:

"In spite of all the progress that has been made along dramatic lines in recent years there has been nothing new in the way of scenery," he said to the writer, "I've been working for years on my ideas of stage lighting, which in most cases on the professional stage is abominable. The subject has interested me for a long time, and I have built models of stage settings and experimented with lighting. The many tableaux which I have directed have enabled me to try out these ideas which have now been adapted to the professional stage for the first time.

"Instead of having painted scenery on the stage—a back drop showing a landscape, for instance, with painted trees in the foreground supported from the wings or suspended from the flies—I find I can get better results, give the audience a better picture, by merely throwing colored lights on a black velvet back drop and gauze scenery which is unpainted and merely toned. I suppose this could be spoken of as a stencilling process, and it can best be explained by saying it is exactly the reverse from what is done at present on the stage. At the present time everything is painted to closely resemble what the author wishes to represent. If a tree is to be shown, a tree is painted, pasted on gauze and suspended from the flies or supported from the wings. With my plan, if a tree is to be shown it is outlined on a piece of gauze. The outline is left transparent, with the rest of the gauze made opaque. It is not painted at all. When the right light is thrown on it from the wings in front of it, it gives the appearance of a real tree. The opaque part of the gauze takes on the appearance of the sky.

The same tree after the light is thrown on

"Instead of building solid trees, as is often done, gauze that is merely toned—not painted, mind you—can be used. In 'Chantecler,' which is the first production in which this idea has been employed, the setting for the last act in the forest is not painted at all. The back drop is simply a black velvet curtain. The huge trees which look so massive are made of unpainted gauze. They have the form of trees, and by throwing the proper lights on them they take on the appearance of trees. All the effects are obtained by lights on gauze forms. Those big trees can be folded up and packed in a trunk.

"Of course, this stencilling process is in its infancy. There are several problems which still remain to be solved. However, by this process it will be possible to make exact reproductions on the stage of famous landscape paintings. For instance

(Cont'd on page viii)

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THE FOREST SCENE IN "CHANTECLER"

Viewed from the auditorium this is a stage setting done in the regular way. It shows a superb and realistic forest full of color and atmosphere. In reality, however, there is no color there at all except what is thrown on from colored lights. The trees are only pieces of white gauze and the back drop, with its apparent elaborate distant perspective, only a plain black curtain

Photos White GUSTAV HUBERDEAU
As Don Francisco

LILLIAN GRENVILLE
As Barbara

JOHN McCORMACK
As Paul Merrill

THREE SINGERS HEARD IN VICTOR HERBERT'S NEW OPERA "NATOMA" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

An American Work at the Metropolitan Opera House

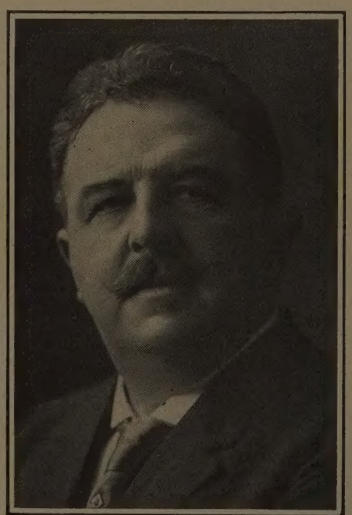
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. On Feb. 28, last, was given the first performance in New York of "NATOMA," opera in three acts. Libretto by Joseph D. Redding, music by Victor Herbert. The cast was as follows:

Natoma	Mary Garden	Pico	Armand Crabbe
Barbara	Lillian Grenville	Kagama	Constantin Nicolay
Lieut. Paul Merrill	John McCormack	Jose Castro	Frank Preisch
Don Francisco	Gustav Huberdeau	Chiquita	Gabrielle Klink
Father Peralta	Hector Dufranne	A Voice	Minnie Egener
Juan Bautista Alvarado	Mario Sammarco	Sergeant	Desire Defrere

General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini

This time the quiet and much maligned City of Brotherly Love —Philadelphia—has scored an operatic victory over New York. For it was in Philadelphia, at the Metropolitan Opera House there, that the first performance on any stage of "Natoma" was given on February 25 by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, Andreas Dippel, general manager. Three nights later New York heard it, in its own Metropolitan Opera House, sung by the same cast. "Natoma" came at a time when opera chauvinists were figuratively cracking each others' skulls with penholders, fighting valiantly and with foolish enthusiasm for the cause of opera sung in English.

Now "Natoma" was sung in English, hence its production was most timely. More than that, it was partly sung in American. Its composer, although by birth a genial Irishman and a native of Dublin, is really considered an American, for this well-known Victor Herbert has lived and worked here so long that it is difficult to think of him as anything else save American. The librettist, Joseph D. Redding, is a native of California, and at present a New York lawyer. The cast, too, contained names that reeked of stars and stripes, for is not Mary Garden really an American, despite her Scotch birth? And Lillian Grenville is American through and through.



White VICTOR HERBERT
Composer of "Natoma"

American flags adorned the fronts of the parterre boxes like patriotic bibs, and the coats of arms of California and New York occupied conspicuous places of honor in the decorative scheme. The scenes of enthusiasm, the tumults of approving applause were distinctly American in their force and frankness. So the cause of American opera, sung in English, won a success sufficiently great on the surface to please everyone who had this cause at heart. Composer, librettist and principals were all called out into the footlight glare time and time again; wreaths were heaped on the men, baskets of flowers were handed to the women. After the performance Mr. Clarence H. Mackay gave a reception in the foyer, held in honor of the California Society. Everything possible had been done to launch "Natoma" on the high road to a substantial success.

"Natoma" is not the first American work to be sung at the Metropolitan in English, for last year Frederick Converse's "The Pipe of Desire" was heard there. In fact, "Natoma" was one of the heritages from Oscar Hammerstein who, to encourage native composers and opera in the vernacular, had commissioned Victor Herbert to write the work. But there was no real opportunity to produce the opera at the Manhattan Opera House before its equipment was purchased by the forces that control the destinies of the Metropolitan. And, together with most of Oscar Hammerstein's singers, this opera was acquired by the Philadelphia-Chicago branch of the Metropolitan. This accounts for its world première having occurred in Philadelphia.

The book of "Natoma" deals with life in old California in 1820, when the Spanish flag flew over that land. Natoma is a California Indian

Photo White

MARY GARDEN AS NATOMA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

maiden, devoted to her mistress Barbara, who is the daughter of Don Francisco, a Spanish grandee. The first scene is on the Island of Santa Cruz, and there appears Lieutenant Paul Merrill, of the United States Brig "Liberty," anchored in the bay. Natoma sees him and falls violently in love with him at once. But Merrill and Barbara love at first sight, so Natoma's love is changed to devotion to the happy couple. But Barbara is also wooed by Alvarado, her Spanish cousin, whom she rebuffs. His blood boils when he finds that Merrill is his rival, and he plans to murder the officer; but Castro, one of his half-breed henchmen, dissuades him from this plan, and advises kidnapping Barbara on the morrow, when a feast day will be observed in Santa Barbara. This is agreed upon, but the plot is overheard by Natoma.

Copyright Mishkin

JOSEF HOFMANN

The brilliant Polish pianist, who is meeting with tremendous success in America this season

At the feast on the following day, everything is bustle and excitement. A minuet sounds, and Alvarado invites Barbara to dance. She accepts, but at the close of the dance she publicly rejects Alvarado's suit for her hand. Humiliated, he proceeds to carry out the plot of abduction. A wild dagger dance is being waged by Natoma and Castro, when Alvarado throws a shawl over Barbara's head and is so about to carry her off, when Natoma rushes upon him with a dagger and slays him. She is about to fall a victim to the fury of the mob, when the priest of the Mission Church, Father Peralta, appears and claims Natoma, offering her the protection of the church. She enters, and the final act shows the church interior. To be brief, she enters the adjacent convent, while Merrill and Barbara are left in peace to spend the remainder of their days a happy and unmolested couple.

That is the barest outline of the plot. It is in itself not half bad, although its action creaks occasionally, and logic is strained. But the librettist had hampered his general scheme by rhyme of questionable quality, and he has obstructed the swift flow of action by development that appears quite amateurish. The upshot of the matter is that the book, as acted and sung, is a bad and ineffective opera libretto.

It is difficult to perceive how Victor Herbert could have got any inspiration out of some of the rhymes. Perhaps he did not—and that is why, perhaps again, "Natoma" is a weak opera.

Now we wish to encourage native opera just as much as possible—not necessarily because it is native, but certainly because of the justice of the case of any composer. Art does not recognize the arbitrary boundary lines of geography. Great art is great, whether it comes from France, Greece, or Indiana. That matters not at all. The fact that an American has written a weak opera should not entitle the work to hearing any more than if a German had written it. If "Natoma" had been imported, everyone would have listened aghast and wondered why, in the name of everything that is! Now there is no need to ask "why," since everyone knows that it was produced to encourage American opera. Well, we fear "Natoma" will scarcely help the cause much.

What ails the opera? A tedious and endlessly long and generally uninteresting first act; a brilliant, but light and rhapsodic second act, and an ineffective third act. That is a catalogue of its ills in general.

And yet there is much in this music to recommend it. It is certainly tuneful, it is ably and brilliantly orchestrated, it has a variety of "color," and is not lacking in climaxes. But it lacks a distinctive charm and a redeeming forcefulness. Victor Herbert is one of the cleverest writers of operettas now living, and as he is a most excellent musician, it is reasonable to expect that with a good libretto he can write a better grand opera than "Natoma." There is some pretty love music in the first act, the prelude to the third act is also very effective. But at first hearing the second act is the most impressive, with its big choruses, its dances, Pico's attractive song and the final dagger dance. But in this act the plot is foolishly weak, so that there appears to be little cohesion between one musical incident and the next, hence the effect of this entire act is fragmentary and its end is anti-climax.

The performance was generally good. Mary Garden, as the Indian maiden Natoma, looked picturesque. She rose to dramatic acting heights in the dagger dance, and she sang some of her songs effectively well. Lillian Grenville was Barbara, and she presented an attractive appearance, but her singing leaves quite a bit to the imagination, for she evades some high notes as though she feared them. John McCormack, in the rôle of Lieutenant Merrill, looked boyish and lithe, and he sang with customary sweetness. Sammarco had an ungrateful rôle as Alvarado. As a swaggering Spanish lover, ready to do murder and kidnapping, this sterling artist rather failed in the effect he produced. He sang admirably, with that fine quality of tone which marks all of his singing. As Pico, Armand Crabbe made the most of his opportunities, rousing his audience with his second act solo. Dufranne, glorious actor, was rather wasted on the part of the priest, Father Peralta; while Huberdeau sang and acted the thankless rôle of Don Francisco. Campanini conducted a good performance, and the singing of the chorus was spirited even if rough.

The three scenes were very effective and successful. Costumes were well chosen, and the details all worked out in strict compliance with architecture of that day—so says the librettist, who is a native of California.

Will "Natoma" live? Perhaps not; but even if it does not, it will have served its purpose of assuring American composers that their works are not without chance of production in their own country.

Some other performances have been given during the month by this Philadelphia-Chicago branch of the Metropolitan, all of these being repetitions of the Manhattan Opera House productions. There was, for instance, "Pélléas et Mélisande," with Mary Garden exquisitely impressive as Mélisande, while a newcomer, Edmond Warnery, sang Pélléas rather conventionally. But Dufranne, as Golaud, was simply admirable, and Bressler-Gianoli was most satisfying as Genevieve. So, too, did Marguerite Sylva come and repeat her Carmen, but it seems to have lost some of its former charm. Dalmores, in that "Carmen," was not up to his usual standard either, beginning disappointingly, and having his bad moments until the opera was well on its way, when he redeemed himself.

Then, too, Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was heard, in which the incomparable Renaud sang his triple rôles, and did them excellently. Dalmores was the poet Hoffmann, admirable as ever in this part, but Tina de Angelo

(Continued on page viii)

Moffett, Chicago

MAY DE SOUSA, RECENTLY SEEN IN "THE COMMUTERS"

White Truth (Sarah Cowell Le Moyne) Nobody (H. Cooper Cliffe) Modesty (Juliett Day) Everywoman (Laura Nelson Hall) Beauty (Aurora Piatt) Youth (Patricia Collinge)

Act I. Everywoman mocks at Truth

SCENE IN WALTER BROWNE'S MORALITY "EVERYWOMAN" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

Everyone, Everywhere, Will Like "Everywoman"

The late Walter Browne, author of "Everywoman"

"*MODESTY? methinks she is a stranger here,*" says Stuff, the Broadway theatrical manager, when Everywoman's three virginal companions — Youth, Beauty and Modesty personified — show their faces at a rehearsal on the stage of his playhouse. Likewise a stranger in a strange land is the late Walter Browne's remarkable modern morality play, "Everywoman," presented by Henry W. Savage, at the Herald Square Theatre, in the heart of the "Gay White Way."

It is fully a decade since that quaintly impressive old English morality, "Everyman," came to town by the unostentatious way of Mendelssohn Hall. That piece achieved a little more than a success of novelty, thanks largely to Edith Wynne Matthison and the Ben Greet players, and further attempts to preach moral lessons by way of the stage were made by Charles Rann Kennedy in his play, "The Servant in the House," by Jerome K. Jerome in his play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," both of which were received with great favor, and by Edwin Milton Royle in his "Struggle Everlasting," which proved less successful.

But now, without premonition, comes "Everywoman," a full-fledged and localized morality, not in one but in five acts (called "canticles," for the sake of the prevailing churchly analogy), produced with all the spectacular and artistic splendor of a "Merry Widow,"—and it wins a spontaneous, a triumphant welcome.

Despite the grudging acknowledgments of jaded critics, who have long since committed themselves to the pessimistic theory of a cynical, heartless public and a degenerate drama, "Everywoman" has scored a big popular hit, and is likely to last for more than a season. Parenthetically, the thought that its première coincided with the author's death is even more profoundly moving than the play itself.

The success of this unique and genuine, if not strikingly original modern morality, can be easily accounted for, now that it has arrived. It has a simple yet elemental motive—woman's quest of love—wrought out tenderly, though in a spirit of brightness, even gayety, which heightens its serious import by the effect of nicely balanced contrasts, and gives the whole proceedings an alluring outward aspect of actuality. The Elizabethan garb of diction, in which it is appropriately clothed, is of the slightest texture, and the blank-versified lines contain no jaw-breakers. In fact, the form of the spoken part of this allegory, while ostensibly literary, is in reality colloquial, so that it presents no difficulties to a competent company of players, even though they be not all trained in old-school classic traditions. The choruses and lyrics, set to music by George Whitefield Chadwick, are admirably interpreted by an augmented string orchestra, accompanying such competent solo singers as Sydney Jarvis in the rôle of Passion, a Play Actor, and Wilda Bennett as Conscience, handmaiden to Everywoman.

The principal characters are Nobody, a sort of detached protagonist and Greek chorus combined in one solitary figure of commanding stature; Everywoman, a comely young person, who leaves her home in quest of love; Youth, Beauty and Modesty, her companions, who remain with her until she loses all of them; Flattery, who urges her to seek love in New York; Truth, disguised as a Witch, who tells her she will find Love only at home; Love, Passion, Time, Wealth, etc. Everywoman is about to start when Nobody comes down tragically and warns her not to undertake the journey:

Scenes in Walter Browne's Morality "Everywoman" at the Herald Square

Greed (Kathleen Kerrigan) Stuff (John L. Shine) Wealth (Frederic de Belleville) Everywoman (Laura Nelson Hall) Witless (Hubert Osborne) Self (Jean Barrett) Conscience (Wilda Bennett) Beauty (Aurora Piatt)

Act III. EVERYWOMAN (LAURA NELSON HALL): "COME, FRIENDS, A PARTING DRINK!"

Photos by White, N. Y.

Charity (Delmar Poppen) Youth (Patricia Collinge) Everywoman (Laura Nelson Hall)

ACT IV. THE BURIAL OF YOUTH

Everywoman, there shall come a time when thou, deserted by Youth, forsaken by Beauty, and with Modesty forgotten, shalt know that Nobody is thy friend. There shall surely come a time when, worn and weary with worldly cares, thou shalt love Nobody. To thee a time shall come when, at thy cry for help, for comfort, Nobody shall come. When on this breast thine aching head shall rest; when Nobody shall brush thy tears away. (*Girls utter little screams of fright and scatter.*)

NOBODY (*Turning to* YOUTH): Thou, Youth, thy kisses shall lose their fragrance. Beware of time!

(*To* BEAUTY) Beauty! Thy cheeks shall fade, when rose leaves fall.

(*To* MODESTY) Modesty! Assassins lie in wait for thee. Remember—Nobody hath warned ye. Nobody hath spoken. Be sure 'tis true. (*Exits.*)

EVERYWOMAN: Bah! An arrant knave, that man! His threat's absurd. Methinks I should have used a woman's weapons on his sneering face, but that thou, my Modesty, didst hold me back.

YOUTH: My kisses grow less fragrant! Stuff and nonsense!

BEAUTY: My cheeks to fade! Why, I positively blush to think of it!

MODESTY: And treacherous death for me! How to escape it?

EVERYWOMAN: Methinks thou shouldst wear armor, Modesty, beneath thy gown, which, with its frills and furbelows, little betokens thy nature. Why, thou art dressed as gaily as thy gladsome companions. Fie, Miss Modesty! (*Laughs; goes to spinning-wheel*).

MODESTY (*Hiding her face on* BEAUTY'S *breast*): With shame I burn.

BEAUTY: Nay, Everywoman, methinks thou chidest our sister Modesty unjustly. Why should she mope? In sackcloth go, or wear a coat of mail?

White JULIETT DAY

A young actress of sympathetic personality who assumes the rôle of Modesty in "Everywoman" with tact and skill

YOUTH: Beauty is right. True Modesty, armed in purity, need not be prim and prudish. (*Goes to* EVERYWOMAN.) And thou, sweet Everywoman, if thou wouldst happy be, let gay Youth lead thee. There is thy mirror; prithee, gaze in that.

MODESTY (*Intercepting her*): Nay, Everywoman, Modesty bids thee shun thy mirror as thou wouldst a plague.

EVERYWOMAN: A plague sayest thou, Miss Modesty? I'd have thee know I have no fear to gaze upon myself. Come, Youth and Beauty, we at least will look upon our fair reflections in the glass. While Everywoman hath such sweet companions, her mirror is her best and bravest friend. (EVERYWOMAN, YOUTH *and* BEAUTY *pose before mirror.*) How say ye, dears? What think ye of my form?

EVERYWOMAN: Fie, Youth! But look! Look in the mirror, once more. What marvel's this? A stranger!

(*The surface of the mirror changes, and standing within the frame,* FLATTERY *is seen. He is gaily dressed as a courtier. The maidens stand spellbound,* YOUTH *and* BEAUTY *clinging to* EVERYWOMAN. MODESTY, *behind her, places a shawl over her bosom.*)

FLATTERY (*Bowing lowly, in smooth, persuasive tones, speaks*): No stranger I. When not on active duty, attending my lord and master, King Love the First, within the magic of a maiden's mirror I make my home.

EVERYWOMAN: Who art thou?

FLATTERY: My name is Flattery.

MODESTY: Oh! Everywoman, I pray thee, hearken not to this man, for though his tongue be sweet, his heart is false.

EVERYWOMAN: Silence, fool! (*Bowing*). Sir Flattery. What wouldst with me? And why my mirror, rather than any other, hast thou been bold to haunt?

White PATRICIA COLLINGE

A charming young actress whose impersonation of Youth in "Everywoman" is remarkable for poetic grace and purity of diction

FLATTERY: Ask Youth and Beauty.

YOUTH: Nay, I vow I know not Flattery. (*Looks in surprise at* BEAUTY.)

BEAUTY: Nor I, forsooth.

FLATTERY: I come as Herald of King Love the First, a mighty monarch, whose power more potent is than that of earthly rulers. A despot he, a tyrant, some avow. But tender, godlike to his loyal subjects. This the missive which he bade me bring: "To Everywoman go, oh, Flattery," quoth he, "and bid her seek me where her fancy or her whim shall best suggest my hiding place. To her then shalt thou tell how Love the First would have her journey to his bright domain, that she may reign as Queen for evermore." Love awaits thee, Everywoman. He would have thee sit beside him on his gilded throne, dwell with him, a crown of bliss upon thy head. Love longs for thee! Oh, Everywoman, therefore go out into the world and seek him. Seek thy King. Seek everywhere, for everywhere his throne is raised. Great is his Kingdom;—but beware! Love's ways are strange. He travels incognito.

(*Vision begins to fade.*)

And now farewell! Thy mirror tells thee truly, Love awaits, awaits Everywoman. Seek him. Fare thee well.

(*He vanishes.*)

TRUTH, *disguised as a decrepit old hag, now enters and tries to dissuade* EVERYWOMAN *from undertaking the journey.* EVERYWOMAN *mocks her:*

TRUTH: Flout Truth now, but beware the time when thou shalt seek Flattery in thy mirror, and find only Truth. Flattery hath cajoled thee, fooled thee. 'Tis his whim to play upon Everywoman's lack of wisdom. Turn to thy mirror once more. (*Vision of* FLATTERY *again appears in the mirror.*)

TRUTH: See! Flattery again smileth on thee.

(EVERYWOMAN *turns to mirror.*)

FLATTERY (*In mirror*): Love awaits thee. Seek thy king.

TRUTH: Now, look at me. Thou canst not see me now.

EVERYWOMAN (*Looking at* TRUTH): 'Tis true. I hear her voice, but she has vanished. How strange!

TRUTH: Not strange. Inevitable. When Flattery appeareth to Everywoman, to her is Truth invisible. But Truth is strong, patient, enduring and merciful, passing merciful, to those who, in their tribulations, turn to her. Truth is the only comfort of the world-weary. Truth hath spoken. Thou wilt hear her voice again. Pray, Everywoman, pray that it may not be too late. Everywoman—wilt come?

EVERYWOMAN (*Hesitating*): Yes, yes,—I—(*Again she hesitates.*)

FLATTERY: Love awaits thee.

TRUTH (*Beckoning*): Everywoman, wilt talk with Truth?

EVERYWOMAN: I hear thy voice—but I see thee not.

TRUTH: Youth, Beauty—who will follow truth? (*Exits by window.*)

MODESTY: I—I will—(MODESTY *is about to follow when* BEAUTY *detains her and dissuades her from going.*)

BEAUTY: Be not so foolish. Truth is a witch—

YOUTH: And most unpleasant at times.

TRUTH (*Outside*): Who will follow Truth? Who loves Truth rather than Flattery?

NOBODY (*Sardonically*): Nobody.

It is in the tawdry playhouse, and amidst the heartless revelry of New Year's eve, in the questionable company of Wealth, Vanity and Greed, that Everywoman seeks "King Love the First." Some critics have objected that Broadway is the last place in which a sensible woman would look for love and happiness. But every woman is sentimental before she is sensible, and it is precisely in the theatre, and in the frivolity of fashionable life that the theatre symbolizes that her present-day ideals, consciously or unconsciously, have their birth and environment. Of course, the disillusionment is swift and inevitable. Time, the Callboy, takes away Youth and Beauty. Modesty is rudely suppressed; and only Conscience, with still, small voice, remains. Passion and Wealth are straightway unmasked as false pretenders. Everywoman, in loneliness, destitution and despair, turns for support and consolation to—Nobody. At last, guided by Truth, she returns to the home whence she had vainly wandered,—and finds Love there asleep on the hearth!

Such is the naïve personification which Laura Nelson Hall invests with appealing feminine charm. Nobody's philosophical ironies are well delivered by H. Cooper Cliffe. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne gives dignity to Truth. Frederic de Belleville, Henry Wenman and John L. Shine present effective characterizations.

White

LAURA NELSON HALL AS EVERYWOMAN IN WALTER BROWNE'S MODERN MORALITY

Photo Moffett

A NEW STUDY HEAD OF WILLIAM GILLETTE

The Real William Gillette

THAT tall, slender, studious looking gentleman whom one may see almost any midnight with a long, rapid stride walking through Central Park, would be at once recognized and addressed were his features less concealed by the peaked cap drawn over his forehead. His extraordinary stride carries him at a speed the average walker cannot equal, much less overtake. His hands are buried in the side pockets of his coat and his eyes are kept steadily on the ground in front of him. He looks neither to the right nor to the left, and he quickens his pace at the approach of any other walker and only slows down when the stranger has passed. Or else a cat will suddenly run across his feet and dash helter-skelter into an area way. Instantly the actor will give chase and not abandon pursuit until he has caught the strange feline and fondly caressed it, for, in common with many other celebrities, Mr. Gillette has an abnormal affection for cats. As a rule he hurries along the narrow and less frequented paths. From time to time he comes to a sudden halt under an arc light, takes out a little book and pencil and jots down memoranda. The flapping of his long coat as his legs move along and the click of his heels on the hard ground are the only sounds that break the stillness of night. This uncanny-like wanderer is the very image of Sherlock Holmes, or the Rev. Robert Spaulding; in fact, he is both and at the same time William Gillette.

When William Gillette is playing "The Private Secretary" he is as frolicsome, as gay and as buoyant as a schoolboy. "Private Secretary" nights are wonderfully merry occasions for everybody visiting Mr. Gillette's dressing room. He comes off the stage as thoroughly the Rev. Robert Spaulding as ever he seemed it on the stage. There is gaiety in abundance and there even occurs that healthiest of all exercises—when the actor throws himself into a chair in a gale of laughter that may even end by laughing at himself. But step into Mr. Gillette's dressing room betweeen the acts of "Sherlock Holmes" and see how completely that part has affected him with a gravity as emphatically serious as the good humor of playing "The Private Secretary" turns him into hilarity unrestrained. The first act of "Sherlock Holmes" is finished. Behind the dark stage the people of the scene are groping their way towards their dressing rooms; and at the end of the line of actors hurrying off stage, calmly, thoughtfully and slowly moves Sherlock Holmes scrupulously dressed in evening clothes, with coat thrown over one arm and in the hand of the other, keeping pace with him as he walks, the evening hat and walking stick of the great detective. In tones very much the same and in a manner quite as reserved and distant as those he had just used in dealing with the scoundrel Larrabee, the distinguished looking figure politely invites you into the dressing room. Before the talk is very far along the Japanese valet has fitted out his master with dressing gown and slippers, and that done, the figure seats himself, crosses his legs, rests his elbows on the arms of the chair, lets the tips of his long tapering fingers lightly touch against one another—and from that on it is as utterly inconceivable to the interviewer that he is talking with anybody but Sherlock Holmes as if such a person as William Gillette never existed. The personality of the character he has been playing has completely absorbed the personality of the man. People who know say that the same transformation was a nightly occurrence with Booth every time he played "Hamlet." Perhaps this is the most extraordinary fact about actors, if not the whole secret of the mimetic art,—this complete substitution of another totally different personality in place of their distinctive selves through the agency of a quick imagination. Everybody knows the story of the elder Booth, who so completely lost himself in acting "Richard III" one night that he not only drove his enemies from the field of Bosworth, but one of them actually entirely out of the theatre, pursuing him into the street. And some know that

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IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

Maude Adams during her first performances of "L'Aiglon," when she was less robust in health than she is now, took the sufferings of the French Eaglet so much to heart and in her study of the character allowed its sickness to become so much her own, that it was once a serious question whether she could continue in the part. In his later years, Richard Mansfield would only act "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" one night a week for much the same reason,—the part so overwhelming his spirits and draining his vitality that he was not equal to anything more. The self torture inflicted by a psychological immersion into the character of Maurice Brachard in "Samson," during which he had to fight the course of a strong man broken like a reed, so thoroughly wore down William Gillette in this country, as it even did Guitry in France, that both actors, by a strange coincidence, finally gave up the same part at almost the same time and for the same reason.

Less is publicly known of the personality of William Gillette than of any prominent actor on the American stage to-day. This is due to two reasons: first, Mr. Gillette is not of robust health, and then he is very saving of every particle of his energy for his work. Hence the public only sees him on the stage. That peculiar reserve of speech and action, short, sharp sentences, spoken with something of a drawl, characteristic of him in all his stage parts, is William Gillette off stage. That unbroken reserve is New England — the actor's father, Francis Gillette, was one of the stern Abolitionists, associated with Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison in anti-slavery days. He was a lawyer of repute; represented his state, Connecticut, in the United States Senate, and saw one of his sons, Robert, leave for the Civil War, and in silence, not long after received word of his death in the storming of Fort Fisher. If you ask William Gillette the time of day he draws out a watch made up of fragments that, carefully put together, form an interesting old time-piece. It was found shattered in the vest pocket on his brother's body after he had attempted to lead his division across the shot and shell swept sands of Fort Fisher. Probably that chapter in William Gillette's life is represented by "Secret Service" and "Held by the Enemy," for the actor never ceases to be an actor; tragedies however close to the quick, however near home, are always drama to him.

By his spirit you would think that William Gillette enjoys the best of health; lately the only sign to the contrary is a careful particularity in his diet. That is a remnant of a severe illness a few years ago brought on by the death of his wife. That tragedy drove him to seek a retreat in the North Carolina woods. There he withdrew in illness and grief entirely to himself. He lived in a little hut up on the mountainside among the woods, near Tyron, and occasionally the local residents saw a tall, silent man slowly making his way to the village and back again. He lived all alone in his hut, and simply went to the village for supplies, and was as chary as possible with words when buying them. But one day, on his way back to his hut, he stumbled and fell from sheer exhaustion. He was picked up and carried to the nearest cabin, where, in spite of his customary attitude towards the natives, he was kindly cared for. As a result, his heart warmed towards these people, and to-day there are no friends more devoted to each other than William Gillette and the natives of Tyron. In fact, his houseboat, the "Aunt Polly," is named after one of the quaint characters he met and grew to like down there.

Nobody ever expected William Gillette to come back to civilization alive from his hut in North Carolina. But he did, and he put those tragic days into a play called "Clarice," which is the story of a man who goes to the mountains of North Carolina to die but is

Sarony IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

Pach IN "SECRET SERVICE"

Sarony IN "TOO MUCH JOHNSON"

saved through the unexpected opening of a new window on life. "Clarice" is a page torn out of the days William Gillette himself spent in the real Carolina mountains.

One of the theatre's very own children will pass from the stimulating glow of the spotlight the night that William Gillette, always dramatic in countenance, impassive in manner, continuously "in the scene," impressive as much for what he abstains from doing as for what he does, steps to the edge of the stage and in his peculiar drawl murmurs a farewell—"goodbye; thank you so much"—to his last audience. For in stageland the genuine child of the theatre is not one who has taken it up late in life when all other means of sustenance have failed, but rather one who has been practically born within the gleam of the footlights—and loves the smell of the make-up table, the sound of the clinking property swords and the sight of a dressing room lined with adventurous looking costumes—as ardently as the circus clown gloats over his first smell of sawdust after a long, closed season in winter quarters.

William Gillette is the kind of actor who loves the theatre for its own sake, as a scientist loves his laboratory, or the plainsman the barren sweep of the prairie because of its very barrenness. A man of considerable private fortune, it was thought that Mr. Gillette would bid farewell to his well known plays a good many years ago. Only his personal affection for Charles Frohman has dissuaded him until now. The shaping of William Gillette's career is a good working example of Charles Frohman's definition of a successful theatrical manager—whose best skill is largely a matter of manipulating a number of artistic-minded people to his own and their advantage. Finally Mr. Frohman has persuaded Mr. Gillette that his happiness lies not in complete retirement from the stage, but in finding a new life for himself in the theatre. This time a year hence Mr. Frohman will have William Gillette established as managing director of a new American repertoire theatre.

A great lover of stage tinkering which often ends in a genuine invention, fond of isolation, even perfect privacy, known little to his fellow actors, in fact, in all ways the best known and the least known of American actors, it is behind the stage as the creator and director of effects and downright vigorous acting, that William Gillette most exactly belongs. The theatre is his home, his library, his study, almost his sleeping quarters. He is the first in the playhouse at night and the last out of it after the performance. Except for the dialogue he speaks on the stage, he utters scarcely a word to anybody behind stage during the evening's performance. This is partly due to the man's natural taciturnity, but more especially to the rather remarkable fact that from the moment he is fully panoplied in make-up and costume until both are discarded, whatever he is playing, William Gillette "remains in character" behind scenes as well as before, throughout the entire performance. Whoever approaches him during "The Private Secretary" finds him as emphatically the Rev. Robert Spaulding in his dressing room as he is before the footlights. When correcting an oversight in the management of the lights of "Sherlock Holmes," during an entr'acte when the curtain has fallen, he speaks and acts the great detective as completely to the life as during any scene in the actual performance of the play.

In fact, however long one knows him, it is difficult to say when William Gillette is not "in character." He is a picturesque example of the dramatic or comic outlook on life—seeing everything as drama or comedy—that all actors possess who are given to continuous characterization. Finally they seem almost to obliterate their own personality and to substitute for it, even off stage, the personalities of characters they have allowed to obsess them.

When in the Fall of 1887, Richard Mansfield went to Boston to appear in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and with no other advance announcement than the furore that extraordinary *tour de théâtre* had just previously created in New York—Mr. Mansfield found his dressing room at the old Boston Museum "quite unfit even to sit in, much less to dress in." William Seymour, now general stage director for Charles Frohman, was then manager and stage manager of the old Museum. Quickly Mr. Seymour rearranged things so that Mr. Mansfield could use half of his business office for a dressing room; the other half, where the office desk stood, Mr. Seymour kept to himself. The actor liked the arrangement and the first night of the play duly approached. After the second act of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Mr. Seymour came to his office and found Mr. Mansfield all doubled up in the corner of the room as Mr. Hyde—horrible of visage, distorted in form, fuming like some sort of an inarticulate creature, and with the upper parts of both hands strapped tightly with tape so that the fingers seemed to protrude twice their normal length and constantly twitched like claws rather than parts of a human hand.

"Well, how goes it?" genially asked Mr. Seymour.

No answer to the friendly greeting.

Humming some tune to himself, Mr. Seymour hurried over to his desk, waited a little while, and then continued: "Splendid audience in the house to-night."

Still no answer. A sepulchral stillness filled the room.

"Perfectly comfortable?" asked the manager after a pause.

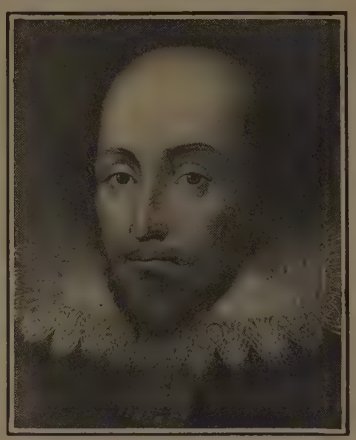
And at that Mr. Mansfield, or as Mr. Seymour thought in his terror, Mr. Hyde come to life,—reared from his chair, half unbent himself from his ape-like posture and raged like an infuriated animal at the man standing before him. When the storm subsided, the point of it all turned out to be that no man with impunity could speak to Mr. Mansfield between the acts. To do so meant taking the actor out of his character hopelessly and entirely.

This is also true of Mr. Gillette. He has surrendered his own personality just as completely to that of the character; and though he may try to shake it off between acts, when waiting for cues, there are always abundant signs that he is still arrayed in the personality he has just been exhibiting before the footlights.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

SHAKESPEARE

April 23, 1564—April 23, 1616



O, mighty master, thou to us, the weak,
Seem'st like a god, when in thy glorious plays
We see a passion with its burning rays
Consume Othello's heart; or hear the bleak
December gales drown Lear's wild rage; or meek
Ophelia plaintive sing her lover lays;
Or at Harfleur hear warlike Harry raise
His soldiers' hearts. Thou like a god dost speak.

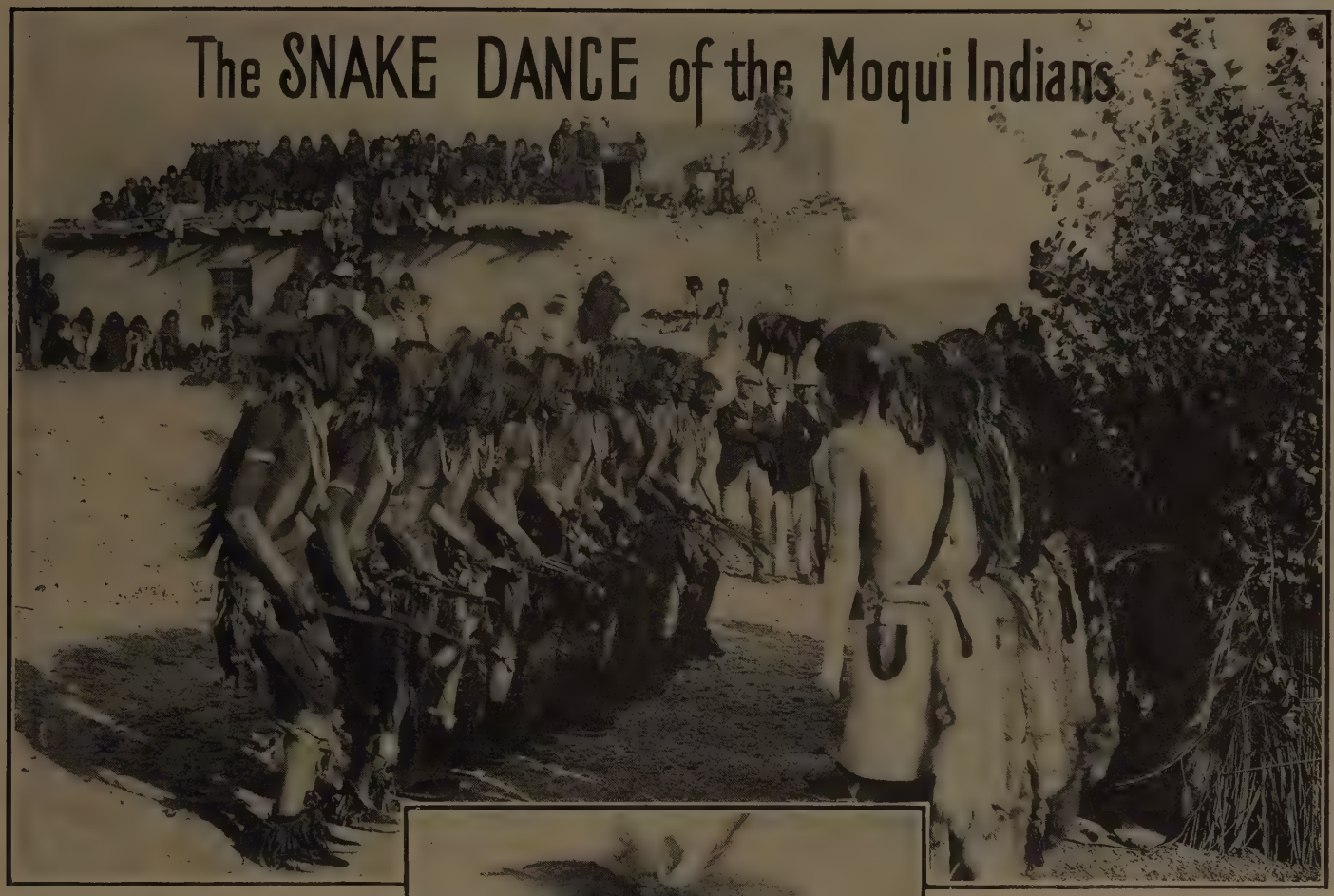
Yet thou didst know the joys of earth; the woe
Of disappointed love, and thou didst scan
The depths of misery; feel the stings of time.
For in the flowing sonnets we the man
Behold with mistress and a friend. We know
Then thou wert human, as thou wert sublime.

A single violet blooming 'neath the sky;
A clear, lone star bright beaming in the west;
A swelling surge, the deep sea's old unrest;
A plaintive wail from out the poplars high.
The forest hush wherein the sunbeams die
Among the shades; an eagle from the quest
Slow wheeling down upon his crag-hid nest;
White glistening peaks that undisturbéd lie.

By what weak words can we thy power show?
All similes the thinking poets make
Have vainly tried thy soul to probe and scan.
Tho' thou didst bend all nature, and didst take
For thine own use the realms above, below,
Demons and gods, thyself wert perfect man.

CLARENCE STRATTON.

The SNAKE DANCE of the Moqui Indians



TAQUI—A MOQUI SNAKE PRIEST

THERE are those who say that the Indian, whatever his tribe, can never be a great actor, and cite in confirmation of their theory his stolid cast of countenance, his impassive figure, his apparent lack of imagination, and his utter inability to see the humorous side of life—all of which, if true, would be unanswerable arguments. But those who have had the good fortune to see the Indian passion play, "Hiawatha," as dramatized by Mr. Armstrong, have been startled by the ability of the red man to depict the scenes of that wonderful folk-play, and his power of entering into the spirit of his part. Then, too, the Indian vies with any actor in his love of admiration and applause.

The various dances of the different tribes of Indians, which call for great endurance and physical strength and agility, are often dramatizations of legends handed down from one generation to another for untold ages. Any one versed in the varied legends and lore of the red man can readily refute the idea of their having little imagination. Their stolid endurance as shown in the Sun Dance, War Dance, and other dances, is proof enough of their dramatic ability, for at times the suffering is so intense that it seems impossible that any human being could be sufficient of an actor to hide it.

The famous Snake Dance of the Moqui, or Moki, Indians, of Tascayan, Arizona, is a dramatization of their Snake legend, and is really a prayer for rain. That part of it which is made public is a wonderful sight. It is only on the ninth day that the ceremonies become public, although a few favored men, and necessarily they were men of strong nerves, have been permitted to see the ceremonial known as the "snake washing."

This is a most weird and uncanny affair. The Snake priests enter the room in which the gathered snakes have been placed in jars made for that purpose. They reach into the jars, taking the snakes in their hands, while the head priest prays. Each of the six priests hold two rattlers by their necks, with their heads elevated above the bowl, at intervals beating time up and down above the liquid with the reptiles, which wind themselves about the arms of the priests. The songs grow louder and more weird until they break at last into a blood-curdling war whoop, at which time the heads of the reptiles are plunged into the liquid, and they are thrown violently across the room into a pile of sand specially prepared for the purpose. As they fall upon the sand, priests stand ready with whips to brush them back and forward in the sand. The excitement attending this ceremony is intense. The low song, breaking into piercing shrieks; the red-stained singers, the snakes thrown by the priests, and their blood-curdling, hissing undertone to the chorus, make it an ordeal for the observer; indeed, it is well-nigh impossible to sit calmly and observe the ceremony. Whether in the ceremony of washing the venom is in some way taken out of the snake, or whether the priests have a remedy which renders the men invulnerable, is not known definitely, but certain it is that none of those who take part seem to be injured by the bites. The priests claim that they have a magic remedy, transmitted from

generation to generation, and known only to two persons in each generation, a priest and a woman of the tribe.

As has been hinted, not many people care to witness this part of the performance, but many go from curiosity to that far-off, inaccessible part of Arizona to see the famous Snake Dance, traveling part of the way by stage to whichever of the villages it takes place, for it is held in the even years at Oraibi, Shipaulovi and Sichonvi, and the odd years at Mishonginovi and Wolpi, the latter the most accessible, and therefore the most popular place.

It is the ninth day of the great Snake Dance in the Moqui village of Wolpi, which is filled to overflowing with the natives from all the surrounding country, and the few visitors who brave the journey across the great American desert to see one of the most barbarous, most thrilling, and most ancient of Indian ceremonies, the dramatization of the snake legend, the great religious ceremonial of the Moqui.

Just at dawn the ceremonies begin with the Snake race, in which the only prize is the honor of winning, for the Moqui honor the swift runner. Happy, indeed, the squaw who belongs to him who wins, for her place in society is assured for at least one year.

The mysterious rites, which have been going on for eight days, are drawing to a close, and there is that subtle air of mystery, a holding of the breath, a waiting for the next scene with every one at a high tension. A fleet runner had, on each of the eight days since the priests went into "the secret places," carried prayer-sticks to the distant springs and shrines. Snake hunters had gone to the East, the South, the West and the North, to bring back the snakes required in the ceremony. The great Antelope Dance is over, as are also the sixteen songs and dances of the great drama, and the curtain is raised for the final scene, the Snake Dance, the climax of which is to come before the curtain is rung down.

It would also seem as if the impressive pause which comes when the actors are preparing for the final act, after the Snake race is finished and the priest has announced the name of the winner, and before the Snake Dance, is to give the people an opportunity to look about to see who has come, see what bonnets and gowns are displayed, for it is the time of all times for the Moqui women. No lady at the height of the Grand Opera season views with more interest the surrounding boxes or seats, than does the dusky woman of the Moqui pueblo look about at the people who have assembled to see the ceremony. At Wolpi, the top of the mushroom rock, is the favorite spot from which to view the spectacle. The crowd is scarcely less interesting than the play. Moqui and Navajo squaw vie with each other in the gaudy colors of their dress. The Moqui maidens with their unique style of hairdressing, a huge whorl of shining black hair just over each ear, are fascinating. Before you is the great plaza where the final act takes place. At one side of it is the booth or bower of green cotton-wood branches, where the snakes are kept in readiness during the dance. If you will watch closely, you will see the priest enter the booth with a bag which contains the snakes. He is the one who hands the snakes out to the dancers through a small opening in the side of the booth. With his appearance the expectancy of the waiting crowd begins. All watch the plaza, ready to see the curtain rise on what to the fascinated spectators is a never failing novelty.

The sun has crossed the sky, and is almost disappearing when, with the beating of the tom-toms and a great din, the Antelope priests make their grand entry. With bare feet, and semi-nude bodies streaked with white paint,—a band of white running from ear to ear,—rattles of tortoise shell tied to the knees, embroidered kilts of white cotton fastened around the loins, necklaces of beads and shells, and fox skins hanging from the belt behind, these Antelope priests present a striking spectacle.

Led by the Antelope chief, with his badge across his arm, followed by the bearer of the medicine bowl, and all the other priests carrying a small rattle in each hand, these Antelope priests pass with stately mien, looking neither

(Continued on page vi)

White MARGARET LAWRENCE
Appearing as Elsie Darling in the new comedy, "Over Night," at the Hackett Theatre

Sarony IRENE HOPPING
Who was recently seen in "The Arcadians" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

White GERTRUDE QUINLAN
Appearing in "The Henpecks" at the Broadway Theatre

White

MISS ZELDA SEARS WHO RECENTLY SCORED A TREMENDOUS HIT AS THE OLD MAID IN "THE NEST EGG"

The Greatest of Stage Old Maids

THE casual theatre-goer who from his orchestra seat watches Zelda Sears' desperate man-hunting on the stage, readily believes that the star is playing a "straight part." This belief is a compliment to the art of the actress and, being a young woman of extraordinary wisdom, Mrs. Sears so accepts it. I am betraying in this confidence to the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S readers a little known truth—that the greatest interpreter of spinster parts on the American stage is a widow, moreover, one who is extremely popular, even for a widow, with the men. No wearer of becoming weeds has a greater number of loyal friends, nor of sighing admirers. On the farther side of the footlights she is a grim featured, gray-skinned, ashen haired, dowdily frocked, pensive symbol of the over mature and unclaimed blessing. On the other side she is a handsome, dark eyed woman, olive skinned, regular featured, smartly attired, bubbling with mirth. Which is perhaps a hint to those who, having no admirers, crave them.

Between Hetty Gandy of "The Nest Egg" and Zelda Sears, her impersonator, there is no common state, no parallel in life nor vision, except that Hetty Gandy adopted a child and Zelda Sears proposes so to do. But even in this their purposes are far different. Miss Gandy took a little girl from the poorhouse to relieve her loneliness, to fill with a child's voice that "stillness" which she complains "could be heard." Mrs. Sears will adopt a child to make an experiment, a most interesting experiment, for she is of the opinion that "actresses are made, nor born," and that "any girl with youth, health and imagination can become an actress."

"Let me have a girl between seven and seventeen, the formative years of a woman's life, and let her be a healthy child with imagination, and I believe I can make a character actress of her," said Mrs. Sears in the modern luxury of her hotel room, so far removed from the old fashioned bareness of Hetty Gandy's dressmaking supported cottage at Eden Centre.

"A character actress?" I asked.

"Yes, because all acting worth while is character acting," was the answer.

"I intend to make a home for her and myself in the country. A house in a city isn't a home. I shall teach her there, but will not let her become too domestic. She must not be too fond of home if she is to become an actress. In the player there's a tinge of the gipsy. If there were not he couldn't endure the roving life."

White

ZELDA SEARS

As Hetty Gandy, the old maid, in "The Nest Egg"

Mrs. Sears looks into the future with level eyes of clear vision.

"I shall go on doing character work until I leave the stage," she said. "Several plays have been sent me, in fact, have been written for me, whose central figure is an intensely modern woman, a woman of fashion and cleverness, poles away from my dear, yearning old maids. But I won't be one of these modern women. Plenty of actresses can beat me at them, but in all modesty, I don't think there are many who can beat me at my single women of advanced age. I want to make clear that if you find what you can do—well, you should go on doing it to the end. I intend to leave the stage rather early. There are few women like Bernhardt who can defy age, and I don't want one phase of myself to be a standard of comparison for the other. I don't want people to say 'Five years ago Zelda Sears played so and so splendidly' or 'She's good enough, but you should have seen her back in 1915.'"

"Why do you know the old maid

so well?" asked the writer.

"I've been seeing her ever since I can remember." From the mantel she took a photograph of a child of such weird aspect that I asked if she was an inmate of a home for the feeble-minded. "That's myself at an age when they called me precocious," she retorted. "If you've any criticisms turn them on the photographers of Port Huron, Michigan, in the early days when that was taken. This dress—"

"It looks like a straight jacket," I remarked.

"Was made by the original Hetty Gandy." Mrs. Sears determinedly continued:

"She was shrewd and under-educated, and like the others, she always had her eye out—"

"For men," I ventured.

"No—for a husband," she replied laconically.

It was only by an appeal to her courage that I induced the star of "The Nest Egg" to admit another reason for leaving the stage "rather early."

"I — want — to — write — plays." The confession was slow and reluctant. "I hate to say so because there are so many actors writing plays."

"And so many plays have been written by actors," I suggested. "Shakespeare, Molière, Pinero, Charles Klein, Thomas Wise—"

"Ye—es. Well, I want to try."

In view of her career, Mrs. Sears' rule for success is illuminating.

"Work," she said, with a smile, "and work," another smile, "and again—work."

That was all, but behind this personal motto is this tapestry of deeds. Born not many more than thirty years ago at Port Huron in Michigan, she almost immediately manifested a liking for books and boys, a liking that she has maintained with a nice balance between the human and the scholastic. She earned the prize for the best composition on the opening of a new department store in Port Huron, and the proprietor further rewarded her by employing her as cash girl. Deft fingered and nimble witted, she soon ceased to cry "Cash" and was promoted to that haughty state which permits a patronizing leaning over the counter and the engaging phrase "Is anyone waiting on you?" She soon outgrew the counter, a burning desire to "write pieces for the paper" assisting in that growth. There was no need of changing masters of her endeavors, for the man who owned the department store was the same leading citizen who owned the newspaper. She left the counter for the reporters' table, a five dollars a week wage for seven dollars a week salary.

She kept on growing, but her ambitions outgrew her fast growing body. She concluded that Port Huron was a field too narrow for her and she went to Detroit. To her amazement she learned that the calloused, spectacled editors of the state's metropolis had never seen her article on the St. Clair County Fair nor any other classics from her pen. They showed an appalling indifference to her and her pen products. She decided after a week of continual surprise, occasioned by these non-receptive editors, to go to Chicago. She arrived in that abrupt, pressing city with "seventeen dollars and a sinking feeling." But her faith in the perspicacity of Chicago editors was justified. She wrote for the *Herald* a description of her adventures while learning to ride a bicycle. It was published in the humor column, and thereafter the column was open to her. So was the cashier's window on pay day. But the bent stageward, begun when she managed the advance sale of opera house tickets at Port Huron, and encouraged by the library her father had left his daughters with his blessing and a small life insurance, was made permanent by a visit she made to a theatre one day in search of newspaper copy.

Hart Conway, the stage veteran, coached her for the venture, and the managing editor of her newspaper asked the dramatic critic to write her a letter of introduction to Klaw & Erlanger.

"We've no acting parts," the mighty twain told her, "but can you dance?"

"My father was an Italian," she answered, "so I couldn't help dancing." Straightway she proved it by converting the business office into a stage, with herself as chief pirouetteer. They placed her in the chorus of "Jack and the Beanstalk." In the production were eight dancers—Italian girls, who carried small batteries on their backs and were known as the electric ballet. One of the batteries became over active and burned the beads on the neck of one of the girls. The accident so frightened the dancer that she resigned. Zelda Sears then asked to be entrusted the part and she got it, and with it its magnificent honorarium of twenty dollars a week.

Back to Chicago she went after a season or two with "Jack and the Beanstalk," and forsook the pink tights and white tarleton of the ballet for the white muslin of the ingenue, or the sombre black of the betrayed maiden, or the crimson of the adventuress in continuous stock for two years. She came to New York to play a French adventuress in "Wine, Woman and Song," and acquired some renown by a mimic murder of Elita Proctor Otis in that melodrama. Then was the turning point successward reached, for enter Clyde Fitch and with "Lover's Lane."

Thereafter she appeared almost exclusively in the plays of the man who said of her: "Zelda Sears has the brain of a man, the heart of a woman and the sympathy of an angel." ADA PATTERSON.

Campbell

IRENE FENWICK
Made a hit as Kiki in "The Zebra" at the Garrick Theatre

COMPENSATION

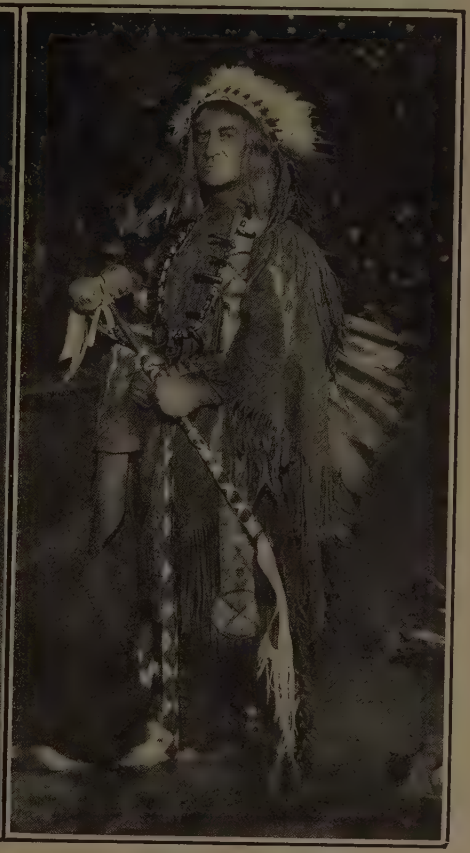
I laid the shattered idols one by one
Upon Life's crowded shelf—
Nursing the wounds—the silent battle done—
Seared on the Inner Self.
I turned and lo!—the world seemed strangely bright,
Illusions lost, past purged—came second sight!

LESLIE CURTIS.

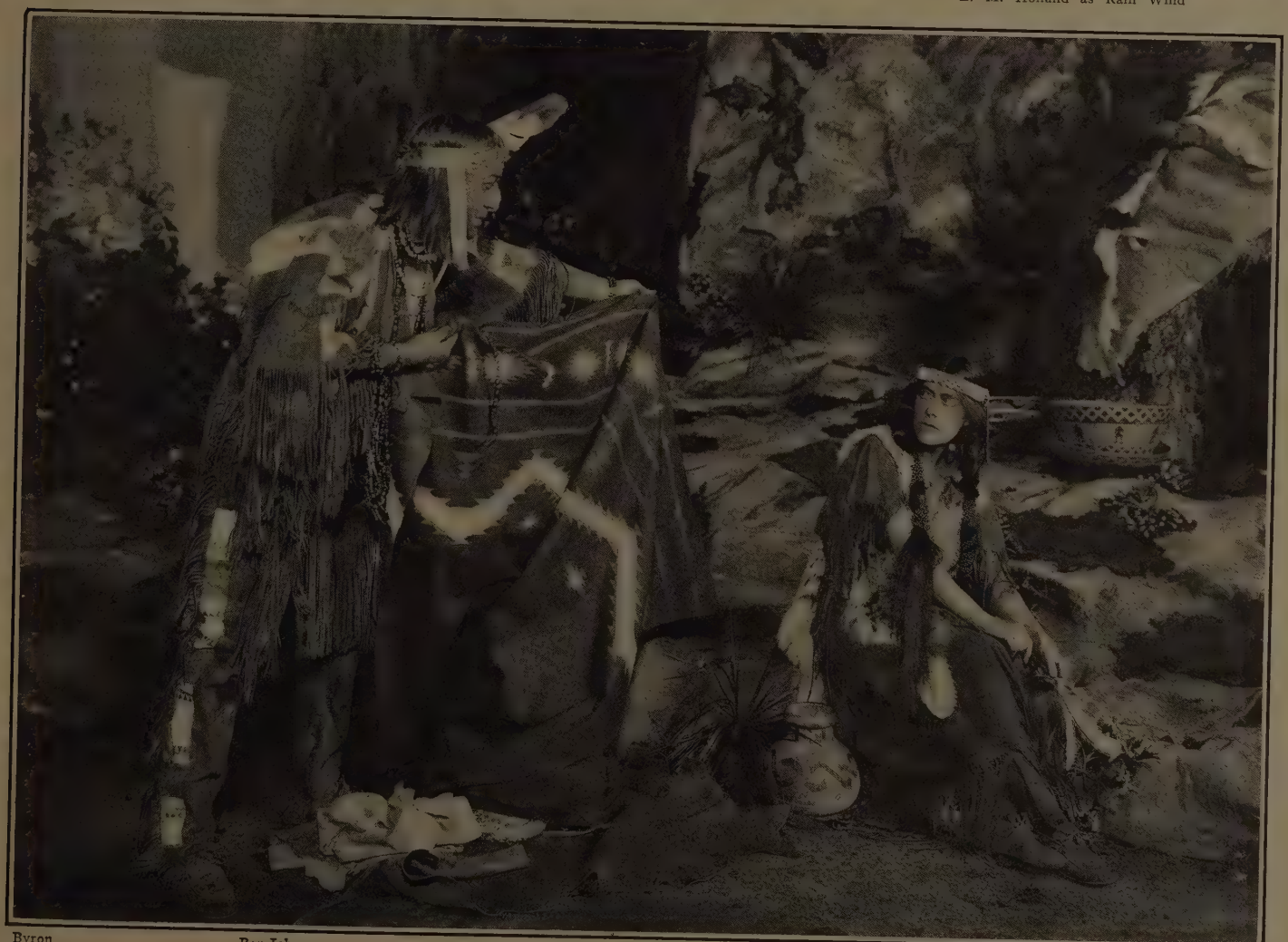
Scenes in Mary Austin's New Play "The Arrow Maker" at the New Theatre

Byron Leah Bateman-Hunter as Bright Water

Edith Wynne Matthison as the Chisera



E. M. Holland as Rain Wind



Byron Ben Johnson Edith Wynne Matthison

ACT. I. GREAT HAWK TRIES TO WIN THE FAVOR OF THE GODS BY OFFERING GIFTS TO THE CHISERA

A Chat with the Author of "The Boss"

Koehne, Chicago

EDWARD SHELDON

"I'VE always thought it must be good to be old and kind. Perhaps that comes as near my ambition as any purpose that is drifting about in my mind."

The author of "The Boss," of "The Nigger" and "Salvation Nell" denied that he was young, at least conspicuously and poignantly young. "I had a birthday last week. I was twenty-five. I've lived a quarter of a century. That is a considerable time."

Mrs. Fiske had alluded to the author of her last season's new vehicle as "That pink faced boy." He has changed a bit since she uttered that characterization. There are manly strength and confidence in his long, athletic stride, a more than boyish gravity in his habitual expression, and his dark cheeks bear their banner of healthful red challengingly through a city of pale, weary-eyed persons. A strong bodied, firm willed youth with rushing red blood in heart and face he has become the youngest playwright profitably producing for the American stage.

"Won't you pour tea?" he asked, looking hopelessly at the tray a waiter had brought into his large, handsome, booklined studio at that home for bachelors and distinct discourager of matrimony, the Hotel Royalton. "I don't believe I know how."

"I was thinking of Bernhardt when I said I wanted to grow old and kind," he said, sipping negligently his tea. "She is so sweet. When I was at Harvard the boys of one of the fraternities played supers in a mob scene in 'Fedora.' It was good for her because we spoke French, and of ten-fold good for us because watching her art and personality at close range was an inspiration. A classmate and myself were the two soldiers who go on to make the arrest. When Madame Bernhardt came off the stage after her scene, she went, as she always does, to the wings and, taking some one's arm, is led to her dressing room. When she passed me she bowed and with a roguish twinkle in her eye said: 'You gave a superb performance, Monsieur.' I gravely answered, 'And you too, Madame.'

"She recalled that incident when she was playing in New York and I took a photograph of hers to be inscribed. She didn't like the picture and drew a penstroke here and there, cutting off a curve, and slashing down a reminder that she was growing stouter. Then she took a photograph that looked as though she were a girl of eighteen from her dressing table and autographed it. I captured the first photograph. I considered it a valuable human document. Neither of them is here. But here are two photographs I should like to show you."

He brought them from his desk. One was the lean, hungered, anguished, death touched face of Mrs. Fiske as Hannele. The other was the photograph of his mother, a tender faced woman, enjoying the sunny portion of her forties.

Over the last of our toast I asked him to explain the presence of the boy dramatist in America. "William Hurlburt looks boyish," I reminded him. "Avery Hopwood has an infantile face and only a few years."

"The boy dramatist's excuse for being is that people go to see his plays," he smiled. "That is reason enough, don't you think?" He went on:

"But there is another. Drama is the natural expression of youth. It is the childish habit of playing at things, of pretending that one has grown into an occupation or profession.

"Still another reason is the attention that is given to forms of the drama in the colleges. In the course that I took Professor Baker required us to write two plays. One was a one act play, the other a three act, called 'The Family Affair.' Both were tragedies. I think 'The Family Affair' may be produced.

"But there is hardly any doubt that the enforced writing of those two plays caused me to choose my profession. When persons had said to me 'What profession will you adopt?' I had always answered 'I don't know.' But I sent the play to an agent and she asked me to come to see her and said: 'You must take up playwriting. There isn't the slightest doubt about it.' 'Do you think so?' I asked. 'I know it,' she answered. After that when people asked me what I intended to become I answered: 'A playwright.'"

"How did 'The Boss' evolve?"

"It evolved primarily from the fact that I admired Holbrook Blinn greatly and wanted to write a play for him. Secondarily, I read a magazine article about a man of his type—I don't mind telling you that it was Fingey Connors—Yes, I know Mr. Blinn has said it was not Mr. Connors, but he's tactful. I'm not. There were a paragraph or two in the magazine article that gave me a light upon his character. I built the play from that moment."

"Had you thought of writing a Napoleonic play for Mr. Blinn? Nature has played the trick of resemblance."

"Yes, but I do not see any drama in Napoleon. There is no conflict in a great egotist. I believe that people who go to the theatre like a love story. I think that is the one safe thing upon which to build. There was no great genuine romance in Napoleon's life. He never cared much for anyone.

"My next play is written and placed. I would like to tell you all about it, but promised the manager I wouldn't whisper the secret. This, though, I may tell you. My first plays have had, kind folk said, considerable strength. My next will have more of what all art and all life reach toward—beauty. It will have a more lyrical quality. At least I hope that will appear. I tried to make it. To be lyric is, perhaps, my dramatic ambition."

As we gave each other a parting hand, he said:

"Youth in the drama is justified by history. Men write plays in the thirties. Shakespeare died at fifty-two. Sardou wrote plays at seventy, but wasn't he the exception that proves the rule?"

A. P.

MARGARET ANGLIN, NOW APPEARING IN "THE GREEN STOCKINGS," AND SHORTLY TO BE SEEN IN "THE RIVAL"

White Hazel Dawn William Elliott Craufurd Kent Alice Dovey

Act II. Another chapter added to the story of the sword in France—and to the story of love

SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY "THE PINK LADY" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

Hereditary Dramatic Genius

EDMOND Rostand, author of "Chantecler," who retired to his country residence at Cambo in the south of France, following the first representation of his famous bird drama on the Paris stage, has frequently during the past summer, revealed to visitors a secret hitherto concealed by his wife and himself concerning his son, Maurice Rostand, now a youth of about twenty years. The poet and his wife have spoken freely to old friends of their cherished ambition that within a few years he may be able to lay aside the pen, with the assurance that Maurice has inherited the paternal genius for playwriting. Many times in conversation he referred to Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils*, and in the next breath repeated the wish that within a few years he might be resting quietly upon his laurels, while the traditions of his name were carried to the world's golden scroll by his son.

Maurice, who has unquestionably inherited much of his father's hauteur, is aware of this program for his future, and although at present the youth is much attracted by the gay life of the boulevards, there is reason to believe that he has at least a talent for writing, and were it not for the tremendous responsibility clinging to the family name, as he views it, the stage would some time ago have seen his work and the critics would have been invited to pass judgment upon it. Strange enough as it may seem, Maurice Rostand is an indefatigable student of English and prefers that speech to his mother tongue, declaring that if his plays are ever produced, it will be in an English-speaking country, because he prefers to write the language of which his illustrious father understands only a few words and phrases. While it is a source of satisfaction to Rostand *père* that his son shows an inclination to write at all, he realizes his inability to pass critical judgment upon his work, and reposes much confidence in the opinions of Miss Olga Nethersole, the English actress, who has a villa near Cambo and has been a friend of the Rostands for many years. Nethersole, who has read many of Maurice's compositions, places a high estimate upon them. He has read to her his translations of many of his father's dramas and poems, and some of his own work, this latter, however, is for the main part in the form of unconnected scenes, pretentious scenarios and dramatic sketches. None of his original work has yet been given to the public and perhaps it will not be for some time on account of reasons above stated. His father exercises a rigid censorship over all his writings, which creates a rather unusual situation in view of the fact that he would not willingly do anything that might be construed as a discouragement to his son's development.

"Dumas *père et fils*," says Rostand to his friends, and then smilingly adds. "Rostand *père et fils*." They all understand what he means. They also know that it is as difficult for a famous writer's son to succeed to his genius, as the Scriptures say it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. If Rostand were a celebrated actor, instead of an author, then about nine chances in ten, his son would also be an actor; but with artists, writers and musical composers, it is a very different matter, and the weight of evidence in history is against it.

Among the great names in the world's history there are few who were the sons of famous musicians, and such names as Palestrina, Handel, Rossini, Bellini, Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Dvôrák, Tschaikowsky, Gounod, Bizet, Verdi, Berlioz, Meyerbeer and Boito bequeathed no artistic heritage to sons or daughters. Creative genius seemed to die with them, as it seems destined to die in the more modern cases of Richard Strauss, Puccini, Mascagni, Goldmark, Debussy, D'Indy, Saint Saens and Leoncavallo. The illustrious Bach family is a notable exception. Siegfried Wagner, son of the great Richard, and grandson of Franz Liszt, has met with repeated failures in endeavoring to defy the traditions.

With the artists of history it is much the same. The world knows but one Michael Angelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, Manet, Monet, de Chevannes, Turner and Whistler. Monumental genius sprang up and came to full flower in one generation. The next, when there was offspring, was at best only a faint reflection of the paternal brilliancy.

Among the authors a similar condition is found. There was

Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MAXINE ELLIOTT

but one Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante and Molière. Goethe's child was a weakling. Victor Hugo's daughter was insane. Walter Scott's son laughed at his father's novels and declared that he had never read one of them. No children inherited the genius of Schiller, Racine, Balzac, Poe, Emerson, Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Flaubert, Gauthier, George Eliot, George Sand and Voltaire. Today the literary sons of Alphonse Daudet, Nathaniel Hawthorne and George Du Maurier, are but faint echoes on the printed page of the names that once electrified the reading world.

How different with the actors! If Edmond Rostand were a Thespian, it would be likely that his son would strut the stage of the theatre with his father's mantle wrapped about him, and perhaps in the same rôles, the same costumes and makeup, and reading exactly the same lines, as so frequently has been the case.

Since 1728, for example, there have been representatives of the Jefferson family in the theatres of England and America. At least thirty-nine direct descendants of Thomas Jefferson have held positions of distinction, most famous of all being the late Joseph Jefferson, whose name has become indelibly linked with "Rip Van Winkle," the play in which he appeared for many years. Now his sons keep alive the traditions of the family name and its associations with the playhouse. E. A. Sothern, who is best identified in theatrical history with the rôle of Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," was an actor and dramatic author, and the mantle seems to have fallen upon his son, Edward H. Sothern, who has not only played Dundreary and other notable parts with conspicuous success, but has also written several dramas during his busy life, one for Virginia Harned being "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes." The elder Sothern was the father of three sons and one daughter, all of whom made careers for themselves on the stage. Edward Lytton Sothern, the eldest, toured America in 1874, but died early. Eva and Sam Sothern appeared with Edward in New York and London. Early in life, the father hoped that Edward H. might develop histrionic, but when this seemed improbable, he decided to make an artist of him, and he entered the London Royal Academy. Later he joined his father's company, but the father wrote: "Poor Eddie is a nice, lovable boy, but he will never make an actor."

White William Elliott Alice Dovey
Act III. The reconciliation between Lucien and Angele
SCENE IN "THE PINK LADY" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

Dionysius Boucicault, the actor-manager, had four children, Eva, Dion, Nina and Aubrey, all of whom became actors, and two have had some success as playwrights. James K. Hackett is the son of James H. Hackett, Eleanor Robson the daughter of Madge Carr Cooke, Eleanor Montell the daughter of Eugenie Blair and granddaughter of Ella Wren, all actresses. Ethel Intropodi and her mother, Josie Intropodi, usually appear in the same musical companies. Blanche Bates' father and mother were actors. Mrs Fiske's mother was an actress. Wallace Eddinger, who became a star this season in "Bobby Burnitt," is the son of Lawrence Eddinger, appearing in his son's company. John Webster, who has lately come to prominent rôles, is the son of Nellie McHenry and John Webster, who for years were the particularly bright stars of Salisberry's Troubadours, and who appeared for many years in "The Brook," Ernest Glendenning, who has made a hit this year in the farce, "Baby Mine," is the son of John Glendenning, who came to this country with the Kendals and has remained a prominent figure on the American stage for twenty years.

The name of Frank Daniels, Jr., on this season's programs calls attention to the fact that another son of a comedian is following in father's footsteps. Arthur Shaw, appearing in "The Country Boy," is the son of Mary Shaw, the actress. Mark Smith, Jr., is the son of Mark Smith, who has been identified with the stage for upwards of half a century. Both Heron Miller and Henry Miller, Jr., are sons of the producing manager and actor, Henry Miller and they are both rapidly carving out their own careers in the theatre.

There is a veritable bevy of Drews, who date from "Grandma" Louisa Drew, mother of John, whose father and aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Drew with Louisa, made a quartet that were members of the same company years ago. John's daughter is now playing with cousin Ethel Barrymore, whose father and mother and two brothers have had careers on the American stage.

There were fourteen direct descendants of William Wallack (1760—1850) in the American theatre. They really date from Garrick, the celebrated tragedian, for Lester Wallack's grandmother was David Garrick's leading woman. Out of nine children of Edward Loomis Davenport, the actor, seven became actors, of whom Fanny was most famous. The others were: Blanche, Lily Vining, May, Florence C., Edgar L. and Harry G. Davenport, all of whom it seemed inherited much of their father's histrionic ability. George Holland,

(*Continued on page vii*)

Moffett. CATHERINE CALVERT
Playing Doris Moore in "The Deep Purple"

Bangs HENRY KOLKER
Starring in "The Great Name"

Moffett CHRISTINE NORMAN
Seen recently as Grace in "The Aviator"

The Golden Era of the Stage

WE are told that the stage is falling into decay, that the art of the actor is degenerating, that the public taste was never as low and the general theatrical outlook never so gloomy. These dismal prophecies are astonishing to those who, familiar with the theatrical business as it used to be, and still on the inside of the box office, happen to know what immense sums the American public pays each year for its amusement, and what fabulous salaries are received nowadays by favorite performers.

A generation ago a chorus girl was paid $10 a week in a permanent engagement in one city, while on tour she was accorded but four dollars more, out of which (a total of $14) she was compelled to pay for her maintenance, provide for her own shoes, tights and other stage necessaries. This decidedly was not the golden era of the "show girl."

"Pinafore," that first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was the means of creating the first great demand for young girls with good voices and attractive figures. Before its production the only need for this species came from two or three standard organizations, such as were headed by Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Abbott and Alice Oates. The advent of the comic opera, and the vogue created by the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, Offenbach, Audran, Milloecker and Strauss, soon brought about a plethora of comely young women whose stage careers were launched without training or incentive.

The more successful of these operettas were the means of attracting the attention of church choir singers, the church choir opera company and the juvenile opera company; both came into being as a result of the "Pinafore" craze. Many stars famous to-day began in one of these organizations: Julia Marlowe was the Josephine in a children's "Pinafore" company under "Bob" Miles' management long before she assumed the tragic muse, and Arthur and Jenny Dunn and Sallie Cohen first attracted public interest in the same way.

Lillian Russell was a chorus girl in Rice's "Pinafore" company; Della Fox, Marie Dressler, Sadie Martinot and Pauline Hall were all in the chorus. Edna May began as a chorus girl in the very production of which she afterward became the star-attraction, and it was through the accident of illness to the prima donna in "The Belle of New York" Company that she got her opportunity which resulted in her becoming the pet of the London public almost in the same year as that which recorded her début on the English stage.

The opportunity of the "show girl" came when productions such as "Liberty Belles' found vogue, and in this one offering alone a half dozen young women emerged into stellardom; among these being Elsie Ferguson, Augusta Glosé and the late Lotta Faust.

Mabel Gilman began in the chorus, as also did Alice Johnson, Lulu Glaser and Adele Ritchie. Carrie De Mar (Mrs. Joseph Hart) began as an extra girl in Philadelphia not so long ago; May Yohe, who later became Lady Hope and achieved a world wide fame through a career replete with vicissitudes, emerged from the chorus of a Chicago theatre, she having attracted managerial attention through the possession of a peculiar note in her vocal range.

On the male side we find a similar state of affairs: Raymond Hitchcock began in the chorus of a cheap opera company; Henry E. Dixey was the forelegs of the heifer in "Evangeline," while Richard Golden constituted the hindlegs.

As an illustration of the rapidity of progress a few comparisons will be in order: Elsie Janis, in the spring of one year was paid $100 a week; in the winter of the following year $2,000 was found in her pay envelope for a similar period; Madame Tetrazzini was singing in San Francisco in what was not far removed from a beer garden less than five years ago. Her weekly salary at that period was one-fourth what it is now for a night!

Victor Moore a few years ago was paid $125 a week, out of which he had to pay his supporting company; to-day $1,500 is gladly paid to him for the very same act or vehicle used at the outset. Rose Stahl was recently offered $3,500 a week from the same managers who only two years before paid her less than one-tenth that sum for exactly the same performance. Lillian Russell received $3,000 weekly for singing three songs in vaudeville, yet it does not seem to be very long ago that Tony Pastor paid her $35 a week. Bessie Abott, now a fashionable prima donna, was one of the waifs in Rice's "1492," and it was her effort in this production that attracted the attention of Jean De Reszké, with whom she studied for an operatic career.

In the early years of this century Frances Starr was playing at the Murray Hill Theatre in a cheap but good stock company, where she appeared twice daily, doing the hardest kind of work; her salary may have been $50 a week. Three years after she left this theatre

White IRMA LA PIERRE
A clever and sympathetic actress now appearing in the popular farce "Seven Days"

White Alice John Carlotta Doty Eva McDonald Laurette Taylor Gladys Smith Virginia Hamilton Orilla Mars Charles Cherry

Act. I. Count Feri Horkay greets the seven sisters

SCENE IN EDITH ELLIS'S NEW PLAY "SEVEN SISTERS" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

she was a star under David Belasco's masterly guidance!

In that very same stock company, playing the leading rôles, was Dorothy Donnelly; and Laura Hope Crews, who achieved a great potency at the Garrick Theatre in "Her Husband's Wife," was playing utility rôles for $30 a week.

Less than fifteen years ago, David Warfield was glad to appear three times daily at Keith's Union Square Theatre for $75 a week; he recently refused sixty times that sum from the same management! At the same time, and in the very same house, Louis Mann was paid $100 a week. A few years later he was paid $2,000 a week in the same field!

For thirty years McIntyre and Heath have been playing the same specialty in variety theatres. B. F. Keith paid them $150 a week in his theatre in Boston to do six "turns" a day; they recently returned to the same city under the same management in the very same specialty, and found in their pay envelope on Saturday night $2,500!

Caruso sang for a mere pittance in Europe, when his voice was better than it is to-day, when he is given nearly $2,000 every night he sings!

Anton Rubinstein, the greatest pianist America ever heard, came here in 1871 for one hundred concerts, and he received exactly $100 for each of these. The same impresario (Maurice Grau), who conducted this tournée, offered the distinguished Russian $3,000 a night to return, but he ever after refused to come hither. Paderewski earns more money to-day in a single week than was paid to Rubinstein for his entire tour!

Ernestine Schumann-Heink came to the Metropolitan Opera House in the early nineties at a weekly honorarium of $250; to-day, if she earns less than $5,000 in a similar period, it is considered unusual!

But there is just one artiste whose honorarium at all periods in her long and unexampled career has been larger than that of any individual before the public! The divine Adelina Patti—whose nightly income has not been less than $4,000 at any time during the three decades when she was consecutively heard, while on her last tour, when she was least of all worthy, she received (and it was the writer who paid her these extraordinary terms) $5,000 for each of her concerts in which she sang one aria and an encore in each of the two parts of the programme.

On November 9th, 1904, Patti received more than $8,000 for one concert, for besides her $5,000 she was guaranteed fifty per cent. of all receipts in excess of $7,500 taken at the box office!

It is on the vaudeville stage, however, that one will have to look for achievements on the constructive or financial side of the stage problem, though present records should suffice to demonstrate the efficacy of this statement.

Eva Tanguay five years ago had to present herself in the offices of the booking agents daily in an effort to procure engagements; at this time she was content to receive $150 a week. Now managers fall over each other in an effort to secure the priority of her services at a salary of $2,500 a week!

Two different firms of vaudeville magnates have been resorting to litigation for the services of Gertrude Hoffmann, who less than three years ago was forced to go on veritable barnstorming expeditions in order to find a field for her talents, yet the salary which either of the litigants must pay for her weekly appearances is the almost unbelievable sum of $3,500!

In 1906, when competition became fierce in vaudeville circles here, there came from London a younger member of the famous Lloyd family, Alice by name; her contract called for $250 a week; yet so great was the hit she made, that in the very same season her salary was increased six hundred per cent. by the very same management that brought her here!

The highest paid of the vaudevillians, however, is Harry Lauder. A few years ago he was without prestige and had to struggle for a living. He came here under Klaw and Erlanger in 1907 at a salary of $2,500 a week; then William Morris brought him over at an increase of $1,000 over the previous honorarium; to-day, by reason of the sums paid to purchase his freedom from English managers to whom he is under contract, Mr. Morris has to pay $5,000 every seven days for his services, and even at this seemingly prodigious figure, the manager has expressed himself that he considers Lauder even then the cheapest attraction he has ever played. Decidedly this is the golden age in theatredom!

ROBERT GRAU.

A REHEARSAL AT THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE. AT THE RIGHT, MM. JULES CLARETIE AND PIERRE WOLFF
Pictures taken especially for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Bert

The Drama League of America

MOST quietly began three years ago a movement which is rapidly becoming one of the strongest uplifting forces for the drama in this country. Its inception was a tea table talk of a coterie of clever women in a city where the ratio of clever women is large, in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago.

Said Mrs. A. Star Best, lifting a cup of tea well lemoned and unsugared: "I have noticed that the first ten days, and at most three weeks, are the trial time of a play. If it survives that time it has a very good chance to live. 'The Christian' was a weak infant for three weeks. Every performance during that time it was predicted would be its last breath. Most of the critics in New York, at least, promised that its life would be a short one."

"That is true," said a woman physician, who has since become a member of the Board of Health. "The first weeks of a play's life are like those of an infant. Both need encouragement."

"The encouragement of women," said another, "for just as distinctly as we are the bearer of babes are we the mainstays of the theatre. Most men don't really care for the theatre. They are only made to believe they do, by the women. Nine men out of ten would much rather go to a prize-fight or play a game of poker."

"Granted," said one after another of the fourteen women, "but what can be done? Let us devise some way of letting people know that there is a good play in town."

They agreed to meet in a week and suggest plans for tiding worthy dramatic infants over the dangerous first three weeks' period. At that meeting it was resolved that the women present should attend new plays as early as possible in the week, and report to their friends that it was a good play and urge them to attend. This was simple, and it would seem essentially local, yet out of that tea table idea has grown the Drama League of America, composed of twelve thousand persons, and having a representation in all the large cities of the West and in twenty-five States.

In January the Drama League held a convention in Chicago, and stated its purpose for the first time in public. That convention revealed the fact that the League favored the drama at its best, and did its utmost to keep alive worthy plays that were not wholly popular. It reported that of these was Stephen Phillips' poetic drama, "Herod," last season produced by William Faversham. The Drama League, of Chicago, attended a matinée of that production. The entrance of the four hundred women, who composed its membership, was greeted with cheers.

When a play has been pronounced by a member or members of the organization worthy the presence and interest of representative citizens, the organization throws the weight of the personal influence of each member, as well as its collective prestige, into the balance of the play's life. They telephone their circle of acquaintance telling them of the play, or they write personal letters, reciting the play's merits and urging attendance.

The League does not waste its energies in condemning bad plays. It simply stays away from them, and spends its time and money at the plays it deems good. The social influence of this attitude is powerful. In three words the wide-reaching work of this club for the aid of the better drama may be summarized. Its work is social constructive criticism. Four State Federations have endorsed it, and it has been presented to the National Federation of Women's Clubs for the approval which it confidently expects. Henry Arthur Jones and Granville Barker wrote its founder and president, Mrs. Best, saying that their step was a long stride along the upward path of the drama.

The Drama League, of Chicago, the strongest and parent organization, held fortnightly meetings at the Fine Arts Building for the discussion of the best drama. Distinguished lecturers, dramatists and players, have addressed them. Managers have been included in the speakers, and each manager has said that the existence of the League would give him courage to produce worthy plays, for the managers are merely purveyors to the public of what the public wants. Latterly, too, it has begun the publishing of reading lists and the circulation of proposed courses of study in dramatic literature and critical guides, that will have the effect of widening interest in the more significant plays.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, March 1, 1911.

MONSIEUR RICHARD STRAUSS, the well-known composer of "Salome" and "Elektra," has gained a great and justifiable triumph with "Rosenkavalier," produced at Dresden. What strikes one the most in this new work is the distinction of ideas. The great novelty in this latest production of Strauss is its truly earnest and profound sensibility. It is a work of great beauty. It might have been feared that with such a light subject, that at times verges upon the comic, the Strauss tendency to brutality would injure the delicacy of his work. The orchestra is prodigiously colored, as it always is with Strauss. But there is in it an element which he ignored until now, that is, simplicity and serenity.

There is one passage in "Rosenkavalier," a quartet solo, whose Mozartian sonority by its expression and its delicacy is worth all the crash and tumult of "Salome" and "Elektra." There are also in "Rosenkavalier" waltzes, indications of the waltz, rhythms of waltz, puffs of waltz, in fact, waltzes that are probably among the prettiest, the most enjoyable that have ever been written. In one word, the score is perfumed with the waltz.

"L'Ancêtre" has been presented at the Opéra Comique. It is lyric drama by M. Augé de Lassus, with music by M. Camille Saint-Saens, which I first saw five years ago. For it was produced at Monte Carlo, February 27, 1906. The interpretation of the chief rôles at Monte Carlo were confided to Madame Litvinne, Mlle. Farrar and Messieurs Rousselière and Renaud. The cast at the Opéra Comique, while it was good, was certainly less brilliant than the original. Neither Mlle. Brehly, M. Albers, nor Mr. Beyle could make us forget the artists who created the rôles.

Madame Marguerite Carré, of the Opéra Comique. Photo Reutlinger

With "L'Ancêtre," the Opéra Comique gave a ballet, "Les Lucieles," in which Mesdemoiselles Chasles and Napierkowska, the latter in the unexpected rôle of a black Pierrot, made a great success. The music of this charming ballet is by M. Claude Terrasse; it is not pretentious, but studied, lightly and delicately orchestrated; in one word, most enjoyable.

The audience at the Opéra Comique, as always, was made up of the smartest people. The most admired among the many beautiful toilettes were those made by Doeuillet, Paquin and Cheruit, three of the best known and highly regarded names in the world of fashion.

Since I have spoken of dancing, I must mention the appearance of Mlle. Isidora Duncan at the Theâtre du Chatelet, where she had a triumphant reception.

I do not wish to speak ill of the work of certain dressmakers, but even so, in the "Zebra" at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, there are some costumes by Beer at which it is impossible not to laugh. It is the same story at the Bouffés-Parisiens, where they are presenting "Madame l'Amirale," in which there are two costumes of an incredible eccentricity. One little red gown, and a dark one banded with metallic embroidery, provoked a general titter through-

A SALON AT PAQUIN'S. EGGIMANN, PUBLISHER. PHOTO AGIÉ

out the house, which was almost irrepressible. Decidedly, Paul Poiret, the dressmaker who created these gowns, aims at eccentricity, which perhaps he mistakes for good taste. It is really time that the dressmakers regulated this matter, for it is really getting on people's nerves.

In "Madame l'Amirale," Madame Cora Laparcerie was beautifully gowned by Paquin, as was Mlle. Lantelme in "Le Vieil Homme."

Speaking of toilettes, I must tell you of the new play at the Théâtre des Variétiés, "Les Midinettes," by M. Louis Artus. The young girls, to whom is given the title of midinettes, are the seamstresses, who at the noon lunch hour rush into the streets like flocks of sparrows. The cheerful little Mimi, in the "Vie de Bohème," is a well-known type. The midinettes are the valued yet modest assistants of the *Createurs de la Mode,* so well portrayed in the celebrated book of that name, edited by M. Charles Eggiman, and from which I have several times sent you illustrations.

The mezzanine salon at Cheruit's. Photo Agié. Publisher Eggimann

The play of "Les Midinettes" is nothing very wonderful; it has the merit of initiating the public into the secrets of the strenuous daily life in the workrooms of the great Paris dressmakers and milliners. The author has depicted this life with great simplicity and naturalness.

Mlle. Mistinguett wore some lovely costumes on the stage, and there were equally lovely ones worn by the beautiful women in the audience. Several of these were made by that great dressmaker, Doeuillet, who always takes great pains to set off to advantage Nature's beautiful lines. Many a dressmaker could with benefit take lessons in æsthetics from Doeuillet in his hotel in the Place Vendôme.

I was more than right when I said in one of my letters that among the hundreds of fashionable dressmakers, there are a few, a dozen at the most, who are veritable artists.

There is some talk in the theatrical world of Feydeau's making a tour of the United States in répertoire. M. G. Feydeau is the clever author of a number of bright plays, all of which have reached at least their hundredth performance, and of which the best known are "La Dame de Chez Maxim's," "Champignol malgré lui," "Monsieur Chasse," to mention only the gayest. After the lapse of eighteen years the latter has just been revived at the Théâtre des Nouveautés. I doubt if these broad plays will be well received by the American public, unless the author makes many cuts, so many that they must amount to amputations.

At the Comédie Française Pierre Wolff's "Marionettes" continues its triumphal career. It would be easy to severely criticize the two principal characters in this play; the husband is the type of a perfect "mufle," while the wife is misunderstood, derided and cynically deceived. Truly, M. Pierre Wolff must have a sorry opinion of human nature to depict such a paltry pair of lovers.

The success of the "Marionettes" must be attributed to the wonderful rendering of their parts by M. Grand and Madame Pièrat, both of whom show in the second act that they are masters of their art. In it Madame Pièrat wears a Redfern costume that contributes to the reconciliation of the two strange principals. Mlle. Robinne, as pretty as she is elegant, contents herself in a secondary part with charming the eye of all beholders.

Costume of rough red serge. Collar and buttons of black satin. Jabot of lace and tulle. Made by Doeuillet. Photo Felix

Gown of blue and gold satin brocade, veiled with a tunic of blue net embroidered with beads. Made by Cheruit. Photo Felix

Mme. Pièrat, of the Comédie Française. Evening gown of flesh-pink liberty veiled with gold embroidered net. Wide girdle of taupe satin, forming butterfly bow at back. Made by Redfern, Paris. Photo Nadar

Madame Marguerite Carré, of the Opéra Comique, has been persuaded by the director of the Théâtre Colon, at Buenos Ayres, to give a series of performances there from June 22d to August 25th. She sails from Genoa the first of June.

In my last letter I sent the photograph of that unesthetic thing which has been baptized the "Jupe-Culotte"—a name that has really no sense, since *jupe* (skirt) implies a feminine garment, while *culotte* (knickerbocker) is a part of masculine attire. The first meet at the Auteuil Race Course served as an excuse for an exhibition of mannequins who promenaded in groups to the great amusement of the crowds. Decidedly, Poiret has no luck. He reaps what he has sown. That is to say, the unanimous disapproval of the smart women, as well as of sportsmen, was called forth by this carnival-like procession; and to think that such models were copyrighted for fear that they would be copied! It is a fact that this dressmaker adds to his lack of taste an absolute lack of modesty. The hobble skirt was a heresy to which we had to submit for many months. The "Jupe-Culotte," thanks to its grotesque form, will die before it is born. It is the last drop of water which makes the vase overflow. There may be women who will adopt this costume for various sports—for bicycling, for skating, for which nothing can be better. But that smart women (ladies) will adopt anything similar for visiting, or for evening, is almost inconceivable. It would be an absolute contradiction of the good taste for which the French lady is so justly renowned. Furthermore, the majority of dressmakers have refused to encourage such folly. What is true of the Race Course will be true of the Horse Show, where our most elegant women will appear in their most beautiful spring toilettes. At the races I admired many beautiful toilettes by Paquin, Doeuillet, Redfern, three of the greatest names in the Gotha of fashion creation, as easily recognized by connoisseurs as an autograph is by the graphologist. PETRONIUS.

One of Doeuillet's fitting rooms. Photo Agié. Photo Eggimann

Mlle. Monna Delza, of the Théâtre du Gymnase. Hat of copper-colored straw faced with bronze straw, and trimmed with big bronze velvet cords and with bunches of sorbier. Creation of Mme. Lentheric. Photo Boissonnas & Taponier

Mlle. Monna Delza, of the Théâtre du Gymnase. Black tagal straw hat lined with copper and ornamented with shaded red carnations and red and yellow wheat. Made by Mme. Lentheric. Photo Boissonnas & Taponier

A perfume that breathes of springtime is certainly most opportune. A well-known purveyor of odd and individual scents has just brought out a new perfume that is certain to be adopted by discriminating and elegant women. For the scent is not only unusual and timely, but also of a rare refinement. It is made from a sweet-smelling flower whose odor, to my knowledge, has never before been used for toilet purposes, so that the women who buy it now will be those who appreciate a good scent, and those who like above all things to have an entirely new, and therefore almost individual, perfume. It comes in three forms, and at moderate price, for the extract and toilet water are only $1 each, while a good-sized bottle of the sachet is only 75 cents. Furthermore, the bottles are attractive enough to form a pretty addition to the toilet table.

There has lately come to my notice a new invention for the reduction of the double chin. It is one well worth investigation by all who suffer from such deformity. It was called to my attention by a gentleman, who has a wonderful complexion for a man of fifty years, and who told me that the great improvement I noticed was due to his having used this machine for the last two months.

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THE SNAKE DANCE

(Continued from page 126)

to right nor left, four times around the plaza to the left, each sprinkling prayer meal, and stamping violently on a plank in front of the kisi, or bower, where the snakes are kept. There is a hole in the middle of the plank, and under it is the opening to the Underworld, and the stamping on the plank is to inform the spirits of their ancestors that the ancient ceremonial is going on. When the fourth circuit is completed, the Antelope priests line up in front of the kisi, facing outward, and every sound is hushed as the Snake priests enter.

The entry of the Snake priests is dramatic beyond description. With gigantic strides they advance into the plaza, every attitude showing energy, determination and majestic fearlessness. The priests are splendidly barbaric in appearance; their make-up is a triumph of art. Their bodies are painted red, their chins darkened, and outlined with a stripe of white. They wear dark red kilts, moccasins, necklaces, feathers and other ornaments, all tending to give them a diabolical look. They circle the plaza four times, but in a much more energetic manner than the Antelope priests and in a wider circuit. They, too, stamp upon the plank in front of the kisi, and in addition leap upon it with wild gestures. When they have circled the plaza the fourth time they form in line, facing the Antelope priests who have ceased shaking the rattles which they carry to simulate the warning rattle of the snakes.

Only for a moment do they stop, and then the rattles begin again, this time a low, deep, humming chant accompanies the noise of the rattles. The priests sway from side to side, sweeping their eagle feather whips toward the ground. The song grows louder as the two lines sway back and forward like two long lines of serpents, while the medicine bearer with his bowl walks between the two lines sprinkling his liquid snake charms to the East, the West, the North and the South, like holy water at a religious feast.

Another pause, and the actors form into groups of three, a carrier and two attendants. These small groups dance, and sing or shout. Suddenly a carrier is seen to drop on one knee in front of the kisi, and when he rises he has a huge snake, which he places midway in his mouth. The trio of which he is the leader dance around, one of the men trying to attract the attention of the snake by waving a feather wand before it. Soon the plaza is alive with these groups of three dancing or hopping about the leader, all bearing in their mouths the hideous, squirming reptiles.

Four times around the plaza each leader carries his snake in his mouth, and when he drops it, the gatherer with a quick motion catches it, adding from time to time to his bundle until he has quite an armful of rattlesnakes, all writhing and squirming in a nerve-racking manner.

On goes the demoniacal dance, the music now deep and low, now rising to a frenzied shriek, always accompanied by the sibilant rattles carried by the Antelope priests, until all the snakes have been danced around the plaza four times each. When at last the nerve tension is strained almost to the limit, an old priest advances to an open place and sprinkles the prayer or sacred meal to the compass points, outlining a sacred ring. At a given signal the snakes are thrown upon the meal, and a wild scramble ensues. Only an instant, then the Snake priests start up, each one grasps one or more snakes and rushes off for the trail to carry the rain-bringing messengers to their native hiding places. They dash down the mesa, and disappear far out on the trails, bearing with them their gruesome burdens. The Antelope priests march gravely around the plaza four times, thumping the sunken plank to advise the spirits of their ancestors that the ceremony is completed, the curtain is rung down.

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"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into the languages of most of the civilized nations. It is called, in French, "La Case de l'Oncle Tom;" in German, "Uncle Tom's Hutte;" in Danish, "Onkel Tomo's;" in Dutch, "Der Negerhut;" in Flemish, "De Hut Von Onkle Tom;" in Hungarian, "Tama's Batya;" in Italian, "La Campana della zie Tommazo;" in Polish, "Chata Wuja Tomaza;" in Portuguese, "A Cabana du Pai Thomaz;" in Spanish, "La Cabaña del Tio Tomás;" in Russian, "Khizhina Dyadi Toma;" and in Swedish, "Onkel Tom's Stuga."

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Hereditary Dramatic Genius

(*Continued from page* 134)

the actor, was the son of Henry Holland, the actor and the father of three sons and one daughter, George, E. M., J. J. and Kate Holland, all of whom have graced the stage and assisted in the maintenance of its best traditions. Four excellent actors, Maurice, Harold, George Arthur, and Tyrone Power are the lineal descendants of William Gratton Tyrone Power, the actor, who was born in 1797.

Viola Allen is the daughter of Leslie Allen, who has frequently appeared in her companies. William, Dustin and Marshall Farnum are the sons of actors. Dorothy Russell, daughter of the fair Lillian, appeared upon the stage for several seasons.

Two sons of the late Sir Henry Irving are now stars, Laurence and H. B. Irving, both of whom have won considerable reputation.

Edwin Booth was the son and brother of famous actors, with many other relatives of lesser distinction in the same profession. George M. Cohan is the son of actors, and their daughter, Josephine, has had a career in the theatre, the family quartet being similar to that of the Four Mortons. Herbert Standing, the actor, has three sons on the stage, of whom perhaps Guy Standing is best known. The daughter of Sir Herbert Tree is an actress, and the past season has seen the début of the daughter of Fred Terry and his talented wife, both actresses. Any effort to enumerate the acting Terrys, however, would be tedious and futile. Miss Ellen Terry is perhaps the most famous of the family; but there are dozens of her relatives connected with the British stage. At the time of her jubilee they were grouped about her on the stage in a tableau and almost filled it.

Illustrations in proof of the theory that actors inherit their artistic gifts might be carried further, but doubtless to no purpose; and further proof from the records of history would go to show that this is not true of writers, musicians and painters. Particularly is it noticeable that the sons of writers not only fail to maintain the traditions of parental names, but that in many cases they are in no way interested in the arts, and in many cases are mental defectives.

There is, however, as Edmond Rostand observes, the striking instance of "Dumas père et fils," and upon this precedent the celebrated dramatic author bases his hopes. It will be of interest to the world to observe their fulfilment, or to see if history insists upon repeating itself.

ARCHIE BELL.

New Victor Records

THREE NEW FARRAR RECORDS.—*Ben Bolt* (Kneass). No song of the past century achieved a wider popularity than this favorite, *Ben Bolt*. The poem was written in 1842 by Dr. Thomas English, and set to music by Nelson Kneass in 1848, at Pittsburg, where it was first sung in a play called "Buena Vista." Alice promptly became the pet of the public, and the air was sung and whistled everywhere, even becoming the rage in London—a rare thing in those days. The use of the song by Du Maurier in "Trilby" led to a revival of its success, and it is to-day more popular than ever, and justly so, as it is a really beautiful ballad. "Tosca"—*Ora stammi a sentir* (*Now Listen to Me*), (*In Italian*), (Puccini). This beautiful air is sung by *Tosca* in the church of San Andrea, whither she has come to visit her lover, *Mario Cavaradossi*, the painter who is engaged on the mural decorations. *O, for the Wings of a Dove* (Mendelssohn). This lovely air forms the second part of Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," for soprano solo and chorus. It was written in 1844 at Berlin for Mr. Bartholomew, the well-known English translater of the composer's vocal texts, to be performed at the Crosby Hall Concerts.

A MEYERBEER NUMBER AND TWO GLUCK AIRS BY HOMER.—"Prophète"—*Ah, mon fils!* (*Ah, My Son!*), (*In French*). "Le Prophète" (The Prophet) was written by that most famous of librettists, Scribe, and set to music by Meyerbeer in 1848, the first production being in Paris in 1849. "Orfeo"—(*I Have Lost My Eurydice*), (*In Italian*). Gluck's Orfeo, first produced in 1762, has recently been revived at the Metropolitan, and so much interest has been aroused by the performances, with a superb cast headed by Mme. Homer, that it is likely to be heard quite frequently in the future. "Alceste"—*Fatal divinita* (*Divinites du Styx*), (*Gods of Fate*), (*In Italian*). Although catalogued as an air from Gluck's "Alceste," this number seems now to belong to "Orpheus," as its interpolation in that work is so happy that it is likely to remain.

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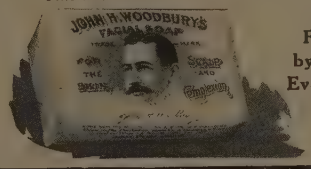

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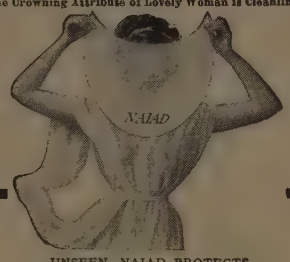

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers, 26 West 33d Street, New York

A Revolution in Stage Scenery

(*Continued from page* 118)

a Watteau can be reproduced with one-third the trouble and time required for making an ordinary drawing-room set. And for the first time, too, the effects of atmosphere can be seen on the stage, and with it the illusion of an unending vista, with the objects growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance.

"With this plan the most massive production can be carried around the country with ease. Managers will not have to spend one-third as much for scenery as they do to-day, and far better results will be obtained. If they're wise they will spend the money they save on scenery on their casts, and in that way give better performances. Scenes can be struck quicker, thus avoiding long waits between acts, and, of course, fewer stage-hands will be required to handle it.

"Most important of all, this stencilling process gets away from the crudeness and glare of the stage as we find it to-day. It gives the audience a suggestion of color rather than color, which is always to be desired. Instead of making the actor an unobtrusive note in the big picture, paradoxically the simplicity makes the actor the leading note, because scenery and costume and color and lights are subsidiary to the human color, and the actor, of course, should be the dominant note of the stage picture.

"Too often the actor is secondary, because the scenery is heavy or glaring. I think a performance should be restful, but frequently, it is merely disturbing. One comes out into the air mentally tired from watching the inartistic riot of many things on the stage. In short, it all comes back to simplicity."

Whether Mr. Alexander's idea of obtaining all stage effects by the use of lights on toned gauze will revolutionize that very important phase of dramatic art is yet to be seen. The results he has obtained in "Chantecler" are highly successful, and it is doubtful if any uninitiated person who sees the production would even suspect that the scenes on the crest of the hill and in the forest were not painted, but merely the effect of lights thrown on toned gauze forms. Charles Frohman, however, believes that Mr. Alexander's idea can be adapted to almost every production, and in the future he will apply the stencilling process for his new plays. Like every other great innovation, it will doubtless be assailed and severely criticized by other managers, but Mr. Alexander believes that eventually it will be adopted.

KARL K. KITCHEN.

An American Work at the Metropolitan Opera House

(*Continued from page* 116)

was not an ideal Niclaus. Zeppilli, as the Doll, was delightful, and Sylva looked handsome as Giuletta.

Verdi's "Otello" was revived, Slezak again impersonating the Moor, and with wonderful dramatic effect. Marie Rappold sang Desdemona for the first time, and was singularly lacking in charm, although she sang with much clearness of voice. Scotti's Iago was magnificent in its force and subtlety, and Toscanini conducted an admirable performance.

Johanna Gadski has rejoined these Metropolitan forces, after a long concert tour, and has again sung her familiar rôles, Brünnhilde, Eva and Aïda with brilliancy of voice and customary effect. Wagner's "Ring" cycle was brought to its conclusion with two excellent performances—"Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung." The audience turned out *en masse* to hear these works.

There has been music making night and day in the concert rooms. Gadski gave a song recital that did not entirely redound to her credit, but was at times enjoyable. One of the most delightful of "intimate" affairs was given by the Barrère Ensemble, who played a concert of odd and interesting compositions for wind instruments at the Belasco Theatre.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its usual brace of concerts, Ferruccio Busoni, pianist, the star. The orchestra, with consummate virtuosity, played Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" in a manner that left the audience gasping in admiration. So, too, was Schubert's C major Symphony—that of "heavenly length"—played in a way that challenged even the most expert of faultfinders. Max Fiedler conducted skilfully.

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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 108)

be done. He added that he considered the time ripe for a play upon the Jewish question in America. Hence "As a Man Thinks," which was originally entitled "The Jew."

Mr. Thomas rarely fails completely in anything he undertakes. He is an interesting and forceful dramatist, but that in this work he throws any new light upon the Jewish problem is seriously to be questioned. The first impression received in witnessing the play is that the dramatist in starting on his subject found the difficulties too great and proceeded to beat a graceful but judicious retreat from an awkward position by giving the public an ordinary drama on hackneyed lines eked out by a series of familiar, well worn situations.

It is a commonplace in the technique of playwriting that to hold an audience the attention must be focused on one central idea. Trying to deal with two problems of equal importance at the same time would be fatal to any dramatic proposition. In this play Mr. Thomas not only attempts in a feeble and half-hearted fashion to deal with the colossal Jewish question, but at the same time grapples with the question of the equal moral responsibility of the sexes, although what one question has to do with the other, or why it was considered necessary to incorporate both in the same play, is something yet to be explained.

The drama hinges on a wife's attempt to exercise the right to go where life interests her just as her husband has exercised that right. The first act shows the household of Dr. Seelig, an elderly Jewish physician. His daughter Veda is courted, with her father's approval, by Benjamin De Lota, a type of caddish young Jew who has an unsavory past, but the young girl loves Julian Burrill, a young sculptor. To this house come as guests Mrs. Clayton and her husband. Mr. Clayton has stern notions of morality as far as women are concerned, but not when applied to himself. His infidelities are without number, but on his promise of repentance his wife has forgiven him. By accident she learns that he has been unfaithful again with the sculptor's model, and the indignant wife, ready to seek reprisals, turns to the cad Lota, who is quite ready to add another adventure to his list. The wife, of course, had no idea of dishonoring herself, but Clayton discovers that she has been to Lota's rooms, and in a fit of frenzy is about to turn her out of doors. The dramatist, however, with all the tricks of the trade up his sleeve, is on hand to prevent any such *contretemps*. Their golden-haired six-year-old child is suddenly taken ill with some mysterious disease and his life is pronounced in danger, so instead of turning his wife out of doors, Clayton goes away himself. The Jewish physician acts as peacemaker and Clayton's suspicions regarding the paternity of his boy are happily dissipated when it is proved that the cad Lota was a year in a French prison. In the last act the physician has to bear his own cross when he learns that his daughter has eloped with the sculptor.

There is nothing particularly original in this theme, nor are the situations new. The first act is talky, the dialogue sometimes dull, the action slow and the drift vague. The drama really begins only in the second act. With the exception of a few scattered platitudinous speeches, there is no attempt to settle the Jewish question one way or another. The physician talks verbosely every now and again about the Jewish race, but as far as the action of the drama is concerned the question of race or religion has nothing at all to do with the play, which contains such extraordinary phrases as this: "New York deserves the best kind of Jews," spoken by Dr. Seelig to De Lota when reproaching him for his conduct. Why should New York deserve better Jews than London, Paris or Hoboken? The real Jewish play has not yet been written. "The House Next Door" came nearer to it than anything we have yet seen. Mr. Thomas has touched the subject only on the surface.

Mr. John Mason's fine enunciation and dignity of poise stood him in good stead as the physician, although the actor gave the impression that he himself had no strong convictions regarding the character he was impersonating. John Flood was too vociferous for a well bred man of the world. Walter Hale looked handsome and kept well in character as the dissolute young Jew.

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Vincent Serrano was too nervous and fidgety as the sculptor—a bad mannerism of which he has never cured himself. Charlotte Ives was charming as the ingenue Vedah and Amelia Gardner gave dignity to the part of Mrs. Seelig. Chrystal Herne, a charming and graceful young actress, was sympathetic and forceful as the wife, but she ought to try and control the facial muscles which, in moments of great tension, make her face appear as if she were smiling. For some extraordinary reason the Jews in the play wear stock cravats, as if it were some distinguishing mark of attire. The American Jew, as far as we are aware, dresses no differently from Gentiles in the same station of life.

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BIJOU. "THE CONFESSION." Play in three acts by James Halleck Reid. Produced March 13 with this cast:

Rose Creighton, Helen Holmes; Mrs. Mary Bartlett, Olive West; Michael Grogan, Mart Cody; Patsy Moran, Paul Kelly; Thomas Bartlett, Harold Vosburgh; Rev. J. J. Bartlett, Orrin Johnson; Josef Dumont, Theodore Roberts; Andrew Strong, Jack Drumier; Frank Gordon, W. D. Ingham; John Peabody, Ralph Delmore; E. P. Dustin, Bigelow Cooper; C. H. Blackburn, W. J. Brady; Jem Coburn, John North; Edward Stevens, Willard McDermont.

That a priest (who happens to be living at Gloucester, Mass.) should receive a confession of murder from a French-Canadian, and when his own brother is on trial accused of this murder and convicted on circumstantial evidence keeps his oath to the Church inviolate and refuses to reveal the secrets of the confessional, we are asked to believe that a powerful and pathetic drama is possible from the circumstances. The inviolability of the confessional is the central idea in Mr. Reid's play. The priest, as a witness at the trial, refuses to answer questions, saying that he would rather see his dear old mother dead than reveal what had been confided to him. As an abstract proposition or a matter of general polity this attitude might be assented to by a few, but it is not a subject of commercial treatment for profit, and instead of being highly dramatic, it is absolutely undramatic. The priest is entirely passive, does nothing and can do nothing. From the moment that he has received the confession of the real murderer, the action of the piece stops just as surely as the revolutions of a wheel would be checked if locked by a log chain. In order to have action the audience must see possibilities and have doubts of the future and see something of the means whereby the action may be solved. In this case it is obvious that the old French-Canadian fisherman will weaken at the last and publicly confess his crime. This is exactly what happens. No one has ever doubted that it would happen. There is nothing unexpected about it. That the exact way in which it will be done is not known beforehand is of no consequence. Real action not existing in the play, everything is reduced to mere acting, and some of it very fine acting and momentarily highly effective. A play must be logical from beginning to end, not only in its structure, but in its adherence to its central idea. To carry out that idea logically, the dear old mother should have dropped dead at the trial scene. This is a hard thing to say, but it is logic in playwriting. We are not raising any question as to Church polity. We are simply discussing that which concerns playwriting.

The play was plainly written from the point of view of the actor and stage manager, in either capacity Mr. Reid being a man of long experience and with a knowledge and skill second to none. He has an abundance of what is known on the stage as "effects." The thunder and rain storm plays an important part in the action. Singing without is heard. We noted the absence of a tolling bell at a point where it might have been introduced very effectively. Mr. Reid is good to his actors, for each of them has a bit. The mother has a beautiful fit when her child is condemned. Mr. Theodore Roberts never was in better shape than when, in a great scene, he decides that the hangman's noose was too uncomfortable to consider and that he preferred to let the innocent man hang, all of which he expressed to the priest by sign manuals, guttural utterances, wicked leers of triumph and other manifestations of deviltry known only to people of supreme deviltry who know how to act. As a bit of acting it is worth seeing. Mr. Orrin Johnson as the Priest felt his part, but was much too slow and minute in it. When he comes in out of the cold and rather wet rain, it takes him too long to get his hands warm. This overacting is a fault of many earnest and

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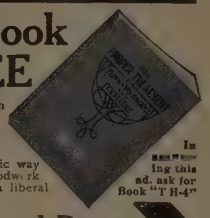

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conscientious actors. They dwell too much on detail. Mr. Orrin Johnson should pay no attention to the cold. It is his business in this play to be warm, to get warm and to stay warm, and lose no time about it.

Mr. Reid's scenes and incidents are in themselves very good. Some of them are unnecessary and used merely for comedy effect or "comedy relief" as our dramatic forebears used to call it. Comic relief as such is a dead thing and bad technique, and always was whenever used merely as an expedient and not as an interval part of the act. The little hump-backed boy, a waif from the streets of New York who talks slang and in his love for the Priest gets to be a very good boy indeed and a purist in his speech, is not an intriguer. We frankly admit that we were not at all surprised at the use of a comic Irishman, a servant about the house. No, we are mistaken. Michael Grogan was a Sexton and played well he was by Mart Cody. He surely had the wit and the brogue. Adherence to type in the selection of the players was notable. Mr. Ralph Delmore was the judge at the trial and later Governor of Massachusetts. His fitness in either position was marked. The prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Bigelow Cooper, and the Attorney for the defense, Mr. W. J. Brady, looked like lawyers and acted like lawyers. All the other members of the cast, to be seen in the list, were highly efficient. It is a play chock full of the symptoms of pathos which would be real and touching if the one ingredient of true action were not lacking.

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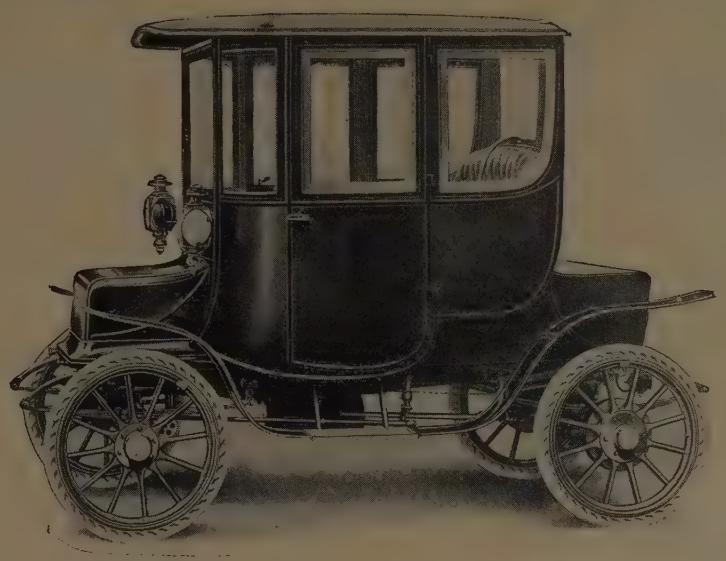
LYCEUM. "SEVEN SISTERS." Farce in four acts. Adapted from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczegh by Edith Ellis. Translated by Ferike Boros. Produced February 20 with this cast:

Mrs. Gyurkovics, Clara T. Bracy; Katinka, Alice John; Sari, Carlotta Doty; Ella, Eva McDonald; Mici, Laurette Taylor; Terka, Gladys Smith; Liza, Virginia Hamilton; Klara, Orilla Mars; Baron Radvanyi, Wilfred Draycott; Baron Gida Radvanyi, Gaston Bell; Count Feri Horkay, Charles Cherry; Miska Sandorffy, Shelley Hull; Toni Teleky, John B. Hollis; Janko, Bernard Thornton; Csori, Albac Saudor.

It is not often that domestic life reaches the stage in such an amiable form as we find in "The Seven Sisters," produced by Mr. Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre. The lovely purity of the marriageable daughters, their various harmless intrigues, and the alarms of the mother make wholesome comedy. There are scenes in the play, not counting it as a whole consistently entertaining, that are worth whole plays that are much better carried out as to the action. The play deserves to succeed. It is adapted, we assume, with the fewest possible slight changes, by Edith Ellis from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczegh. The title would seem to suggest the impossibility of dramatic treatment. However, when resolved into an action it develops into a unity that is simple enough, although some of the farcical complications lead away at times from the central figure, the fourth daughter, who is the object of our greatest interest.

Hungarian customs as to marriageable daughters furnish the theme and the story of the play. Each daughter is to be married in succession according to age, the mother keeping the younger ones in short dresses as long as possible and resorting to the subterfuge of scaling down their ages according to the exigencies of the occasion. Thus, the fourth daughter, Micie, played by Laurette Taylor, the most attractive one, is forced by circumstances to take matters in hand. She had been sent to a convent to keep her dangerous presence inactive in the marriageable circle. The irrepressible creature had slipped from the charge of her keepers and gone to a garrison ball in a borrowed costume. When she returned all the nuns were at the windows as she tried to enter, and she was expelled. At the ball she had met a young lieutenant (Charles Cherry), who gave her money for her fare home. There was consternation when she got back, and she was put in short dresses again. The young lieutenant turns up, professing to be a cousin of the family who is expected. The three older sisters had to be married off before it came to Micie's turn, and the two lovers contrive to bring it about. How they do it is the play. The three younger sisters are children and are concerned in the action only in an incidental but delightful way, as when they are drawn up into line with the others for inspection or when they have pillow fights in their night gowns at bed time.

The play is necessarily somewhat farcical, for if it were a matter of sentimental courtship



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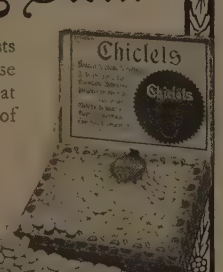

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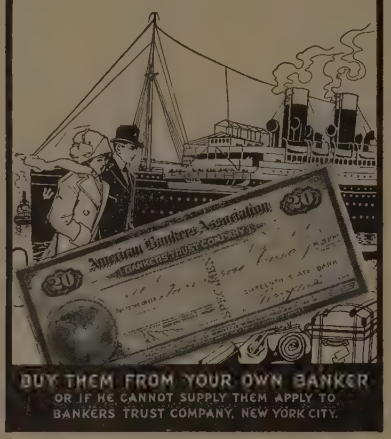

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throughout four acts, with the four marriageable sisters thinking and talking and acting love all the time it would be tedious indeed. The Hungarians are right. It should be the business of the mother to find husbands for her daughters, and if the daughters had a clause in their nightly prayers for the true lover it would be in the divine order of things. Of course the Hungarian idea is foreign to our custom, but none the less can our audiences appreciate and welcome the innocent and wholesome activities here set forth.

Mr. Charles Cherry is agreeable and natural in his acting without other great distinction than that quality of likeableness without which one cannot possibly, however artistic or intellectual he may be, become what is known as a star. Miss Laurette Taylor is arch and possesses a personality that makes us accept slight affectations as natural and ingratiating. She had a rather difficult task before her, for she had at times to appear in the short dresses of a girl in her teens. Her part is not a dominating one, as is inevitable with the nature of the theme and the action which concern a family rather than the one person.

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NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE PINK LADY." Musical comedy in three acts. Adapted from the French of Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced March 13 with this cast:

Serpolette Pochet, Alma Francis; Desiree, Ida M. Adams; A Photographer, Dudley Oatman; Pochet, F. Newton Lindo; The Hungry Man, Joseph Carey; Annette, Ida Gabrielle; Gilberte, Olive Depp; Gabrielle, Eunice Mackey; Raymonde, Trixie Whitford; Minette, Florence Walton; Sophie, Erminie Clark; Benevol, Fred Wright, Jr.; Lucien Garidel, William Elliott; Julie, Ruby Lewis; Nini, Teddy Hudson; Suzanne, May Hennessy; Angele, Alice Dovey; Maurice D'Uzac, Craufurd Kent; Bebe Guingolph, John E. Young; Claudine, Hazel Dawn; Crapote, Harry Depp; Madame Dondidier, Alice Hegeman; Philipe Dondidier, Frank Lalor; Theodore Lebec, A. S. Humerson; La Comtesse De Montanvert, Louise Kelley; Rouget, Dudley Oatman; Dr. Mazou, Maurice Hegeman; Pan, Joseph Carey; Ywaxy, Benjamin Lissit.

After being inflicted for so long with the formless hodge-podge of vacuous theatrical nonsense, which usually passes muster on Broadway for "musical comedy," it is a genuine treat to come across a piece that not only has a musicianly score, clever lyrics and pleasing songs, but also a plot that keeps one interested and guessing from beginning to end. "The Pink Lady" has all these qualities and more. It is a delight to eye and ear and at the same time does no violence to the intelligence. Unless all signs fail, this piece will have a long career of prosperity, and some of its catchy refrains will be whistled by the street *gamins* for many a moon to come.

The work is an adaptation by C. M. S. McLellan with music by Ivan Caryll, of "Le Satyr," a farce by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, which was one of the substantial Boulevard successes last season. It is not necessary to recount the plot in detail here. Suffice to say that the story has to do with the adventures of Lucien (William Elliott), who takes his former *inamorita*, Claudine ("The Pink Lady"), to a restaurant and unexpectedly meets his fiancée (Alice Dovey). Claudine is introduced as Mme. Dondidier, wife of the old furniture dealer, all of which doings give rise to a series of extremely diverting complications. Unlike most pieces of this character, the fun develops logically out of the situations, and there is a consistent, well defined action, not merely a number of variety acts strung disconnectedly together for the purpose of a "show."

The curtain rises on a brilliant scene in the forest of Compiègne. Thence the scene changes to a furniture shop in the rue St. Honoré and later to the ball of the Nymphs and Satyrs. Mr. McLellan has written a number of songs which are likely to find popularity. "The Girl by the Saskatchewan" is a gem of its kind, while "The Beautiful Lady," "The Kiss Waltz" in the second act, in which the Pink Lady teaches Dondidier some oscultary exercises, and the *ensemble*, "Donny Did, Donny Didn't," fairly took the house by storm.

Hazel Dawn makes an attractive and charming Pink Lady, while Alice Hegeman was screamingly funny as Madame Dondidier, the old furniture dealer's wife. William Elliott contributes some good comedy, Frank Lalor was excellent as Dondidier, and Maurice Hegeman presented a clever character sketch of a French physician.

The piece is beautifully staged and the dash

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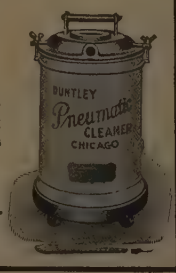

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CRITERION. "THAIS." Drama in three acts by Paul Wilstach. Founded on the romance by Anatole France. Produced March 14 with this cast:

Thais, Constance Collier; Daniel, Tyrone Power; Nicias, Arthur Forrest; Hermedorus, V. L. Granville; Dorion, A. B. Imeson; Chereas, Franklin Jones; Aristobulus, Edmund Mortimer; Eucrites, Harry Christie; Callicrates, Charles Sievert; Lucius, W. C. Bradley; Basilides, Frank Lenord; Dekon, Frank Durand; Theros, Milton King; Zenothemis, Fred B. Hanson; Drose, Cynthia Fane; Philina, Mary E. Forbes; Helen, Mary McCrea; Phroe, Gladys Carroll; Callista, Nina Heather; Euronia, Lucile Fallon; Damon, Mr. Imeson; Palemon, Elmer Grandin; Flavian, Mr. Granville; Paul, Mr. Jones; Adhemes, Mr. Grandin; Cephenes, Sydney Greenstreet; Crobyle, Winifred Kingston; Myrtale, Maude Burns: First Egyptian Slave, Marion Alexander; Second Egyptian Slave, Rita Ricardo.

"Thais," founded on the romance by Anatole France, on which Jules Massenet based his celebrated opera, staged by Lawrence Marston, and produced in a spectacular way by Mr. Joseph M. Gaites, is good property. In this sense it is successful, but it is not a notable artistic achievement except as to externals and superficial things. We are entirely safe in affirming that the redemption of the courtesan is one of the very oldest themes in religion, literature, and the drama. Not to speak of Mary Magdalen, we have it in the oldest Sanscrit plays. "Thais" is only a variation, and like all elemental stories, is simple. A young hermit of the desert, fanatical in his religious zeal, yearns to save the soul of Thais, a beautiful courtesan; he seeks her out in her palace in Alexandria; she sends him away when her blandishments fail on him, he saying that he will wait for her; her soul awakens in her, and she sends for him; she dies redeemed in the Retreat of the White Sisters, the hermit at her feet, confessing to adoration of her person and then blessing her as a saint, the spiritual triumphant. This last act grips. Why? Because at last dramatic truth and the simplicities of the human heart have been reached, and at this moment unhampered by the theatrical and spectacular. A more refined, intelligent and sympathetic stage management might make a real and moving production of what is now merely a commercial success. We would be greatly interested in seeing what the outcome would be should the play be produced with a simplicity and naturalness that would relegate the spectacular to an incidental impression and not an end. We wonder if we could not induce Mr. Tyrone Power to understand that common sense and the soul abhor the top notes of the human voice. Miss Constance Collier is a very attractive, a very beautiful woman. It is not at all to her discredit, however, that she is not a very good Thais.

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NEW YORK. "JUMPING JUPITER." A farce in three acts. Book by Richard Carle and Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Karl Hoschna. Produced March 6 with this cast:

Robert Winthrop, Burrell Barbaretto; Major Felix Buchanan, Joseph C. Miron; Stephen Buchanan, Lester J. Crawford; Toby Pebblefords, Will H. Philbrick; Marmaduke Bright, John Goldsworthy; Stilwell, Murray D'Arcy; Connie Curtiss, Edna Wallace Hopper; Genevieve Buchanan, Isabelle Winloche; Elsie Buchanan, Natilie Alt; Caroline Goodwillie, Jessie Cardownie; Molly Pebbleford, Eileen Claire; Mrs. Anastasia Kidd, Anna Chandler; Professor Jupiter Goodwillie, Richard Carle; Miss Ranier, Bly Brown; Miss Chalmers, Blanche Curtis; Miss Renault, Jean Eagles; Miss Packard, Marie Vernon; Miss Caddillac, Ida Harris; Miss Pierce, Beatrice Norton; Miss Locomobile, Margaret Strassel; Miss Lozier, Estelle St. Clair; Miss Wirston, Helen Broderick; Miss Buick, Annie Harris; Miss Hupp, Naomi Dale; Miss Daimler, Bessie Skeen.

Richard Carle is a clever and popular actor, but he cannot be congratulated on his latest vehicle, written by himself and Sydney Rosenfeld. It is poor entertainment at best and at no time rises above mediocrity. The story is exceedingly nebulous, not to say wholly unintelligible. Briefly, it has to do with a young man who wants to marry one girl, but is handicapped by the fact that he has "carried on" with another. The marriage is opposed by the girl's mother, and to deceive the worthy dame the young man introduces his former *inamorita* as the wife of a friend, which lady soon complicates matters by turning up. The humor is of the most hackneyed sort and the situations creak painfully at the joints. The play will hardly do.

Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (March 20th): "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "As a Man Thinks," at Nazi-

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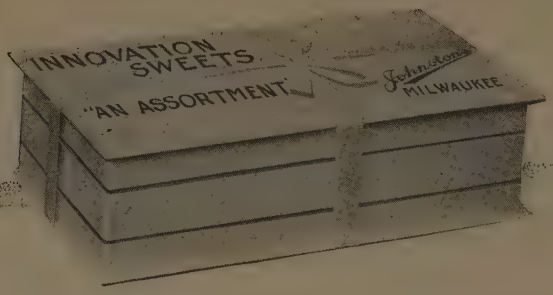

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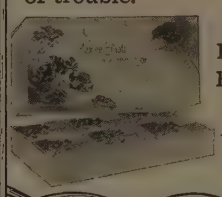

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mova's 39th St.; "Baby Mine," at Daly's; "Becky Sharp," at the Lyceum; "Chantecler," at the Knickerbocker; "Everywoman," at the Herald Square; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," at the Comedy; "Jumping Jupiter," at the New York; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at the Hackett; "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Republic; "Secret Service," at the Empire; "Thais," at the Criterion; "The Balkan Princess," at the Casino; "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper," at the New Theatre; "The Bohemian Girl," at the Majestic; "The Boss," at the Astor; "The Concert," at the Belasco; "The Confession," at the Bijou; "The Deep Purple," at the Lyric; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Henpecks," at the Broadway; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; The Winter Garden.

New Theatre to Move

A site for the new playhouse to be erected by the New Theatre Company, of this city, has now been determined upon. It will be built on a large plot of ground in the rear of the Hotel Astor, running through the block from Forty-fourth Street to Forty-fifth Street.

The New Theatre management recently issued the following announcement:

"The founders of the New Theatre have no thought of abandoning the New Theatre movement. The experience of the past two years has demonstrated that the present building, although designed under the advice of a leading theatrical expert, is not suited for the class of dramatic performances contemplated by the founders.

"Productions on such scale as 'The Blue Bird' and 'The Piper' would undoubtedly have filled the theatre for the entire season; but the founders have been unwilling to limit the performances to plays of that class, meritorious as they are, because the aims of the enterprise and the claims of box owners and subscribers have called for a wider range of productions.

"Although during the two seasons now closing, the New Theatre has been more liberally supported than any other theatre in New York devoted exclusively to dramatic productions, the founders have been compelled to reach a conclusion adverse to the continued use of the present building as the home of the enterprise.

"The founders firmly maintain their belief in the mission and purpose of the New Theatre, and in order to thoroughly test the soundness of their belief and the willingness of the people of New York to lend their co-operation they will immediately proceed to erect upon a site conveniently accessible to all classes of theatre-goers a theatre of moderate size especially adapted to the production by a stock company of a repertory of modern and classical plays chosen primarily for their artistic merit.

"To enable the enterprise to be independent of immediate commercial success the founders will provide for a term of years a guaranty fund which will correspond to the subsidy by which theatres with similar aspirations are supported in most of the capitals of Europe.

"An opportunity will be afforded to subscribers for boxes and seats in the present New Theatre to continue as subscribers to the performances in the new building under an arrangement which will permit greater latitude in the distribution of productions than is possible under the present arrangement.

"Plans are under discussion for maintaining the present company of players as an organization, to the end that, with such changes in the personnel as may be deemed advantageous, it may appear in the new home a year from the coming Fall. During the season of 1911-1912 it may be sent on tour, under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames, in a selection of plays from the present repertory, possibly playing for a few weeks in New York.

"It is the hope of the founders that, in co-operation with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the present New Theatre building will eventually become the home for the production of such operas as require for their most effective presentation a smaller auditorium than the Metropolitan Opera House, a purpose for which the building is admirably adapted.

"As no definite arrangements to that end are in immediate contemplation, the house will be leased for the coming year for dramatic productions of a character suited to the building."

Madame Maurice Maeterlinck, formerly known as Georgette Leblanc, is planning to build a theatre in Paris, for which her husband is to furnish most of the plays. She will direct the productions.

Queries Answered

A Subscriber.—A full page scene in "Romeo and Juliet," showing E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, appeared in the December, 1904, issue of this magazine.

C. C., Chicago.—Q.—In what is Chrystal Herne appearing? A.—Miss Herne is appearing in "As a Man Thinks," at Nazimova's 39th Street Theatre, New York.

A. C. McK., Ozone Park.—To secure a position on the stage you will have to apply to dramatic agencies or to the manager of the production.

R. Ray G., Boston.—An article on Ibsen's "Ghosts" appeared in our April issue of 1903. Pictures of the play also appeared in the same issue.

A. C. H., Pocatello.—Dustin Farnum is at present appearing in "The Squaw Man"; he was seen recently in New York at the Broadway Theatre.

H. T. M., Providence.—Q.—Have you published scenes from the following plays in which Miss Marie Doro has appeared: "Clarice," "The Morals of Marcus," "The Richest Girl" and "Electricity"? A.—Scenes from "The Morals of Marcus" appeared in January and March, 1908, and from "Clarice" in December, 1906. We did not publish the others you name.

R. W., New York.—Q.—Will Julia Marlowe be seen in New York again this season? A.—It is hardly likely, as she appeared the early part of this season at the New Theatre, then again at the Academy of Music. Q.—Where was Geraldine Farrar born? A.—In Melrose, Mass.

An Anxious Subscriber.—Q.—In what numbers of the THEATRE have you published scenes from Mme. Nazimova's production of "A Doll's House"? A.—The colored cover of our June, 1907, issue shows Mme. Nazimova in "A Doll's House," also a full page in March, 1907, and in the August, 1907, issue.

Blackwood, Redlands—Q.—In what numbers have you published scenes from "The Melting Pot?" A.—In February and October, 1909. These may be purchased from the offices of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

R. A. G., Philadelphia—Q.—When will Elsie Janis be seen in this city again in "The Fair Co-Ed"? A.—Miss Janis is no longer appearing in the play you name. She is now playing the title rôle in "The Slim Princess" at the Globe Theatre, New York.

A Great Admirer—Q.—Give a brief sketch of Lina Abarbanell's life. A.—Born in Portugal, she is the daughter of Paul Abarbanell, a well known grand opera conductor of Berlin. She has been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Hansel and Gretel," and later established herself as a favorite at the Irving Place Theatre in this city. She began her stage career at the age of six and has appeared with success in all the larger European cities. Lately she has entered the field of musical comedy and has been heard in the title rôle of "The Merry Widow," and is at present appearing in "Mme. Sherry."

F. M. H., Springfield—Q.—Can you tell me whether it was Ida Conquest, Frances Ring, or Elsie Ferguson who appeared in "The Wolf"? A.—Ida Conquest created the rôle of Hilda in Eugene Walter's play "The Wolf" and later Frances Ring was seen in this rôle. Elsie Ferguson has never to our knowledge appeared in this play.

M. H. E., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—In what are Maude Adams, Henry Woodruff and Elsie Janis appearing? A.—Maude Adams is appearing in "Chantecler" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York; Henry Woodruff is appearing in "A Prince of To-Night," and Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess."

G. A. O., Washington—Q.—Who was Maude Adams' leading man in "Peter Pan"? A.—Ernest Lawford.

W. G. B., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Who is supposed to be the greatest living tenor? A.—Signor Enrico Caruso.

M. K. T., Cincinnati—Q.—Can you tell me something of Zelda Sears' life? A.—Born in Michigan, Miss Sears began her career as a journalist at the age of sixteen, and a few years later decided to go on the stage. The early part of her career consisted of hard work and good training. In 1900 she was seen at the Manhattan Theatre in "Woman and Wine," and later in "Lovers' Lane." Some of the plays she has been seen in are: "Glad of It," "The Coronet of the Duchess," "Cousin Billy," "The Truth" and "Girls." She is at present appearing in "The Nest Egg" with much success.

Evelyn B., Peoria—Q.—When and where was Jenny Lind born? A.—She was born in 1821 on October 21, at Stockholm. Q.—Can you tell me anything concerning her career? A.—She made her first appearance on the London stage at the Queen's Theatre in 1847 in "Robert le Diable." She appeared in America for the first time at Castle Garden in 1850 under the management of P. T. Barnum. She married Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist, in Boston on February 5, 1852. Her last appearance in New York was at Metropolitan Hall in 1852.

C. B., Memphis—Q.—Have you ever interviewed Kyrle Bellew? A.—Yes, in June, 1902. Q.—Have you interviewed Margaret Anglin? A.—Yes, in April 1902.

Jerseyite—Q.—Have you published a portrait of Blanche Bates in colors as the Girl in "The Girl of the Golden West?" A.—On the cover of our December, 1906, issue.

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Advices from Yokohama state that Emma Calvé, who recently visited the Orient, was besought to sing by the foreign colony, but asked 10,000 yen ($5,000) for one concert, which was more than the 2,300 could raise on the spur of the moment. So she did not sing.—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*

The Dramatic Art Society of the Cincinnati School of Expression, Edna Mannheimer, director, produced Sophocles' "Antigone" on March 10 last, for the benefit of the Greek department of the University of Cincinnati. The English translation used had been specially made for the performance by Dr. Joseph Edward Harry, head of the Greek department.

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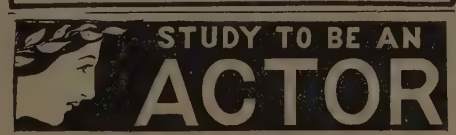

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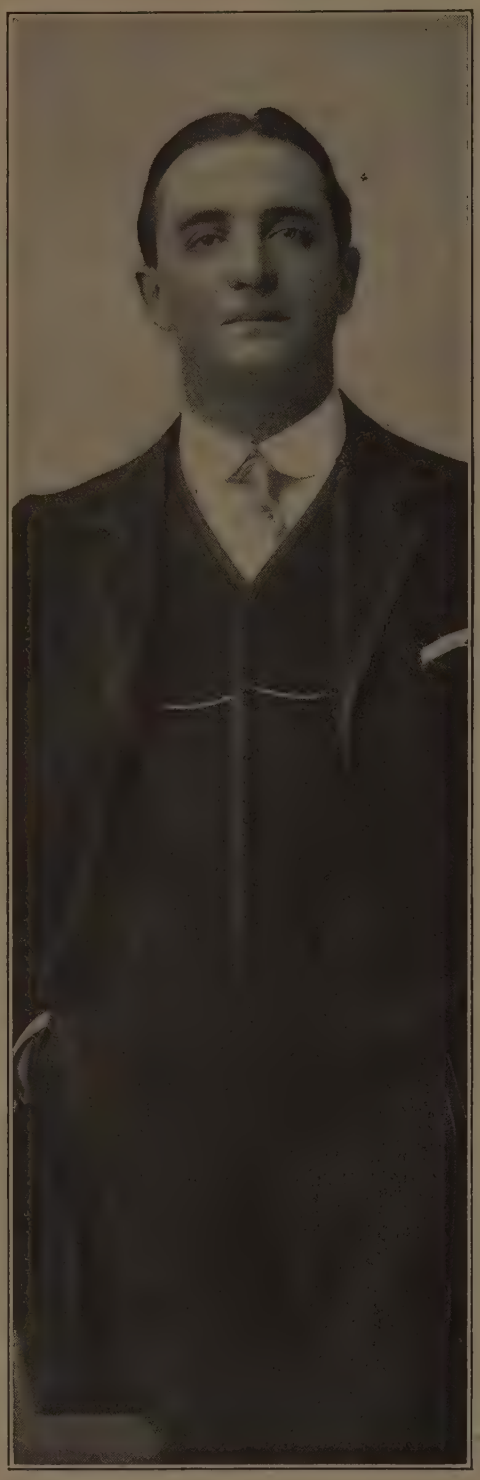

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Smart Style Touches of the Spring

AT last we are in the full swing of the new fashion season. After months of preparation and unceasing effort, manufacturers in every quarter of the globe finally see their fabrics wrought into the newest shapes promulgated by the leading Paris dressmakers, who are the acknowledged fashion leaders of civilized nations.

Finally the cause of the new fashions has been submitted to the jury, who must ultimately decide upon the case, and this jury is none other than lovely woman. And she will make her decision known through her purchases. Thus each individual woman is enabled to cast her vote. For no one yet has devised a method by which to compel any woman to buy what she does not like.

To be sure the American purveyors of fashions are as wily as the serpent which invaded the Garden of Eden, for in innumerable ways they tempt the modern Eves almost beyond the powers of resistance. Certainly, it is only the level-headed woman who can withstand the many eye-compelling appeals contained in the displays of spring and summer styles.

It is the wise woman who takes stock of the apparel already in her wardrobe, and having summed up its deficiencies makes her purchases in accordance therewith. The woman with unlimited bank account is the only one who should dare to buy upon the impulse of the moment, for she is the only one who can rectify mistakes in purchasing by ordering something more.

Spring is the time of all others when attire must be fresh, new and gay. Thus the wearer is in attune with nature, now arrayed in all the glory of lovely foliage and exquisite blossoms. The millinery shops rival Dame Nature in their beauty of coloring and the multiplicity of flowers that, in many instances, are exact copies of the natural ones.

It is the province of the artistic milliner to so combine and arrange the new materials and trimmings that they will be a fitting crown to the new toilettes. Of all the new collections of hats I have seen, none are more beautiful, more artistic, nor more extensive than those of Joseph, on which I chanced the other morning as I was strolling up the avenue. With its mirrored walls

Photo Leeberger

INTERESTING VARIATIONS OF THE HAREM GOWN

WHY THE ARMOUR TOILET ARTICLES LEAD THE WORLD

SUNNY France's flower-culturist gathers his lilies, the Oriental native plucks ylang-ylang, a thousand men in a thousand corners of the world garner the rarest and best of their flowers, and so they take the first step that leads to the perfect toilet products of the Armour laboratories. For it is the marvelous Armour organization that makes this perfection possible.

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represents the perfection of modern toilet-soap production. It is scientifically prepared and chemically pure.

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Delicate, distinctive perfumes lend to Sylvan the last touch of desirability. You can choose from six of these—heliotrope, carnation, violet, lilac, sandalwood and rose.

Yet, though the most dainty woman could demand no more, the price is but 10 cents the cake at your dealer's.

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has been aptly termed "The best friend of the hair."

For a Supertar shampoo stimulates, while thoroughly cleansing the scalp. It is a foe to dandruff and similar affections which destroy the hair. And it leaves the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous, "live."

Supertar lathers instantly—rich and snowy white—in hard or soft water. And it affords an ideal massage for the scalp.

Pressed, thoroughly seasoned and free from excess moisture, it long outlasts ordinary shampoo soaps, of which a large part wastes away with each day's use.

Let your hair have the delight of a perfect Supertar shampoo.

Transparosa

is a clear, transparent soap, every glint of light in whose amber depths sends back a message of purity to the skin.

It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate, yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.

Sylvan Toilet Talcum Powder

is of exceptional high quality, and light as thistledown.

It is borated and antiseptic, and most beneficial in cases of chafed, irritated skin, sunburn, prickly heat or chapped hands. It affords a delightful aftermath to a shave or a bath, and is invisible on application.

No other powder has ever approached it in delicacy of fragrance. There are five odors—violet, carnation, lilac, heliotrope and sandalwood.

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and light, dainty coloring, the shop itself has quite the air of a Parisian establishment set down in our most exclusive shopping district.

The hats shown here are bewildering in their variety, and are distinguished by an elegance quite out of the ordinary. Abnormally high crowns are a feature of other collections, crowns that are out of all proportion to the brim or the heighth of any wearer, while the Joseph hats are made with crowns of more moderate heighth, and some, indeed, quite low. Among the latter is an original little Poiret model, just the thing for a young, slender woman, and I could not but think what a lovely hat it would make for bridal attendants. It is a leghorn with a deep, bowl crown, surrounded by a two-inch brim that rolls up all around. This is faced with black velvet, and the crown encircled with a flat band of white curled ostrich. There is a big black velvet button set on at either side of the crown, and to one is attached a narrow black velvet band with a loop at the end. When the hat is in position this band goes under the chin and the loop over the other button. Becoming to many faces will be the small hat that sets quite closely about the face with a sharp little point in the center front. It is very smart in black faced with begonia red velvet with a fall of ostrich plumes in the same vivid shades for the sole trimming. More quiet, but quite as elegant, is it faced with king's blue, and ornamented with ostrich in the same tone.

It is very evident that the small and medium hats are those most to be desired for the early season. These are in two varieties, the medium picture shape, and the small bonnet-like affair. The latter, when well executed, is by far the smartest hat of the season, and when correctly posed is becoming and youthful in appearance. All hats must be tilted a trifle to the left side this season. There will be about one American woman out of a hundred who will wear her hat in the smart, stylish way. I cannot imagine why it is that women spend so much money on hats, and then take almost all the style out of them by posing them incorrectly. If I were a milliner, I should make each customer solemnly swear that she would put the hats on correctly, or I would not have her for a customer.

Photo Felix
Empire gown worn by Mlle. de Behr. The underskirt is of panne velvet, tunic of green Salome silk, and black cord and tassels

Photo Felix
Smart walking costume made for Mlle. Mouna Delza of black and white Pekin striped satin with tunic of black satin, and soutache embroidered girdle

I saw a woman the other day actually wearing a hat wrong side foremost! It was a stunning Marie Louise model in white tagal with a high crown, and a graduated roll brim that had the little peak in front, faced with violet velvet, and with a big bunch of white plumes set on the back of the crown. Now those plumes should have stood straight up in the air, but because of the way the hat was adjusted they stood out at an angle of forty-five degrees! Can you imagine a woman so conceited as to perpetrate such an outrage? It is this lack of perception of line and its proportion that makes so many women look like caricatures of fashion.

But to return to the criticism of the new hats. There are lovely black and white combinations in both dress hats and those intended for morning wear. One of the latter has a soft crush crown of white tagal straw, and is an oblong turban shape. The brim is a narrow edge of black surmounted with a band of coral-colored straw beads, and there is a stunning velvet bow at the right side,

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The fan illustrated is one of unusual beauty. Here, from the dark green pines, fly beautiful white cranes with their crimson beaks, while in the distance Fujiyama lifts its noble snow-capped peak, made to glisten, as embroidery is added to the painting. The whole done on white silk and mounted upon an ivory bone frame, $8.50. In ordering state number, 11192. Others at this price have sticks of ivory bone, all of them cleverly carved. Some are embroidered in white on a solid color background, the dragon being one of the very effective patterns.

For as low as $3.00 you may buy a great number of different styles. Silk, painted by hand; cherry blossoms, apple blossoms, wistaria, rose, or a flock of birds.

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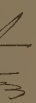

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showing coral and black in a happy combination. Another typical hat for the tailored suit is of rather a rough brown straw with straw wings faced with blue velvet. This also is an oblong shape, and be it said that the oblong promised to be a favorite this season. Some milliners are calling them the airship hats. They are intended to be worn with the width across the face, or else to be set on the head obliquely, but such is the perversity of woman nature that probably those who are as "set in their ways" as old maids will pose them in direct opposition to the fashion dictum.

There is a lovely Gainsborough effect with a beautiful curve to the left brim roll that is shown by a number of milliners in all black or black and white. The hat itself is black, and trimmed either with ostrich or aigrettes.

Large hats are as large as ever, but few of them are being shown, perhaps because there is nothing strikingly new in them. One of the most original of these is in white tagal with the brim turned up in an odd tricorne shape, with two of its sides faced with a white bird or wings. Ostrich bands are the decided novelty in feather trimming, and I notice the tendency to a slight and unusual curling of the plumes and bands. Then there is bead trimming in both straw and porcelain. Black net ornamented with white porcelain beads is considerably used for the facing of some of the larger shapes. Heavy guipure and filet lace ornament some of the dressier of the small hats and turbans.

In combinations of color, foliage green with cinnamon or muffin is the most novel. Cerise, coral and begonia reds are well to the fore. Then there is king's blue, matelot and etincelle. The artistic milliner excels not alone in the beauty and correct curves of his shapes, but to an equal degree in the selection and application of colors. Take, for example, the new bluish purples. It is only an artist who can choose just the right shade. Then there are deep wine shades of purple that are beautiful and becoming, but seem more appropriate for the fall season in this country than for the season of joyful young life.

Photo Felix
Afternoon gown worn by Mlle. de Trezia in violet crêpe embroidered with silk of matching shade and with dyed lace

Photo Felix
Evening gown worn by Mlle. Berka, made of gray charmeuse with net tunic strewn with grey and steel beads

Among the new hatpins are some lovely things in Russian enamel. That is, they are exact reproductions of this exquisite work that is so wonderfully executed by the Russian jewellers, and contain much that is characteristic of the Oriental origin of that nation. Not alone are hatpins made of this Russian enamel, but there is a wonderful array of combs, barettes, bands and other ornaments for the hair, all richly set with gems corresponding in color with the enamel. There are many admirable color combinations, so that these ornaments may be chosen to harmonize with the costume with which they will be worn.

The newest shape in barettes is the Geraldine Farrar Madame Butterfly, and very appropriate the name is, too, for almost every variety of butterfly has been copied for it. Whether made of tortoise shell, amber, or Russian enamel, it is lacelike and attractive, so that it promises to be as great a favorite with the majority of women as it already is with our popular young American soprano.

The black velvet band studded with four or five big flat disks of

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enamel is a favorite hair ornament for dinner and evening wear. Mlle. Lantelme, the popular young French actress, is responsible for another and more extreme form of this velvet band, for as soon as she wore it in a new play all the women went wild about it, yet so far I have found it in only one place here. The band of velvet finishes just back of each ear with small bunches of tiny roses, and from the left side depends a single streamer of the velvet intended to rest on the front of the bodice, and finished with another small bunch of roses.

A picturesque and novel idea for the bridesmaids' headdresses is the small cap made of a lace scarf, with the ends gathered tightly in to the center back, and hanging from there is a narrow line almost to the waist. The frill about the face is headed by a wreath of tiny roses.

The short Empire gown is the shape most fashionable for bridesmaids. Indeed, the modified Empire gown is a particular favorite this season for costumes intended for all occasions. The influence of the first Republic is seen in the dainty fichus reminiscent of Charlotte Corday, and of the unhappy Marie Antoinette during her imprisonment. These fichus are mostly used on evening gowns, and later it is to be hoped that they will make their appearance on costumes of summer materials intended for afternoon and even morning wear. For there is no mode of neck dressing more charmingly feminine than an artistically draped fichu of lace, handkerchief linen or sheer mull.

This vogue of the Empire gown has brought into fashionable favor the tiny little fans of that period. Looking over the wonderful Vantine collection of fans, I found so many delightful ones that it is impossible to give you more than the vaguest idea of them. There are the spangled gauze fans in gold, silver, black, and the many evening shades of fashionable colors that are just suited to heighten the effect of a satin or chiffon costume of matching tone. Far more original, and even more charming, however, are the silk or gauze fans of the Empire styles that are exquisitely decorated with hand embroidery and painting. This is a delightfully artistic combination of painting and embroidery, and so beautifully executed that you can scarcely tell where the embroidery begins and the painting ends, and even more marvellous is it that the embroidery is only a trifle less well done on the reverse as the right side. Then, too, they are so moderate in price, ranging from about $3 to $25 for one with hand-carved ivory sticks.

The decorations are generally of a floral nature, and include all the lovely springtime blossoms of the "Land of Cherry Blossoms." Indeed, these fans might well be named "The Essence of Spring." There are designs and colors suitable for all occasions, costumes and complexions.

One can find innumerable suggestions for Easter gifts at Vantine's. Among the daintiest of these are the silk bags and card cases, decorated with floral designs in Japanese hand embroidery. One in pink I particularly admired, and there came to me a vision of Easter bridesmaids clad in Empire gowns of Helen pink chiffon carrying over their arms these lovely reticules, for the quaint old

Photo Felix

Brown velutina Empire gown with little square collar of Irish lace worn by Mlle. Bonnet

Photo Leeberger

A New Idea in Pantaloon Skirts

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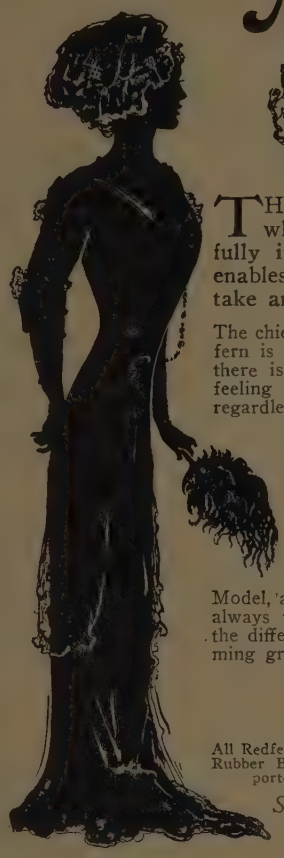

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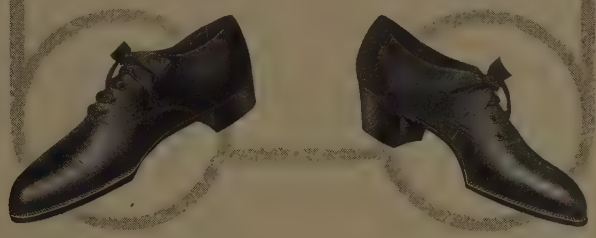

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name certainly fits the picture better than the harsh modern word of bag, with sheaves of pink and white carnations tied with green gauze ribbons, and the costumes completed by the smart little Poiret hat I have already described.

Speaking of weddings, all the fashionable Easter bridal gowns are being made with the one-sided train. It sounds odd, doesn't it? But it is really very charming and graceful, and is more than practical for the dancing frock. It is the tunic which forms this train, extending from the right side, and ending in a long, straight line on the left side, this being attached only to the gown at the waistline, so that when the wearer is walking or dancing the train can easily be thrown over the right arm, which is quite the smartest way of carrying it.

This form of train is susceptible of all sorts of novel combinations of materials in its construction; for example, a lovely soft broché crêpe for the tunic and train, and the underskirt covered with lace, for lace flounces are coming in again, and the woman who wears them this season will be in the forefront of the fashion procession. Or the side-trained gown may be made entirely of the lustrous soft Salome silk in one of the beautiful new shades that are such a characteristic of it.

The latest form of drapery for the short costume, for some of the trained all-around tunics, and even for the more elaborate wraps, is the spiral, and it is certainly stunning when well done, but it takes a mighty clever artist to execute it successfully. One must have a wonderful eye for proportion and line to be able to produce this spiral curve. I saw it the other day in a lovely Panhard silk motor coat that opened at the left side of the front. The spiral was put on in a shaped band of this lovely new corded silk. It started at the right side of the opening, quite near the edge of the wrap, and then gradually wound around and up the back of the coat, until it finished at the left side of the front, a few inches below the waistline. The neck was finished with a broad, round, and flat collar of begonia red silk embroidered in whirligigs of biscuit-colored silk the same shade as the coat. Panhard is a new silk that has been specially made for motor coats, as the name implies. It has rather a dull finish, and is not easily crushable, and, as it has been rendered waterproof, it is a thoroughly practical as well as stylish silk for the purpose.

Alice Maynard has some lovely evening gowns in which the colors are most happily combined. Always there is something new to be found in this delightfully cosy shop, in which the gowns are distinguished by unusual elegance and refinement that appeals so strongly to the discriminating class of women. Here one finds the French model adapted to the lines of the American figure without obliterating any of that indefinable quality called "chic." I noticed a stunning oyster-white linen coat suit embellished with the fashionable openwork embroidery that struck my fancy as just the thing for summer wear. Also, she has some lovely white cotton and marquisette gowns and waists that are beautifully embroidered in different colors, so that fetching toilettes can be arranged by having the hat, parasol, stockings and gown of the same color.

Photo Felix
Mlle. Darcourt in "L'Aventurier." Beautiful gown in brocade with voile tunic embroidered in pearls and diamonds

Photo Felix
Gown of golden brown Salomé silk veiled with an embroidered mousseline de soie worn by Mlle. Mouna Delza

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Truly yours,
GEORGE E. MACLEAN.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR
Prof. of Greek, Latin Lit.

Your kind note of February 9 is at hand. The project is very attractive and I see no reason why it cannot be carried through to success. Of course, the limits of such a publication are difficult to fix, but careful planning in advance will remove all serious difficulties.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR
Department of English

I have received your preliminary announcement of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. I make haste to say that I am in entire sympathy with the project and that I shall be glad to co-operate with you in any way open to me.

Very sincerely yours,
ISAAC N DEMMON.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

I am sure that your projected Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage is deserving of the interest and support of scholars as well as of a much wider circle. You kindly invite me to co-operation in its preparation; and I am willing to help you in whatever way I may. If you will kindly designate what you would wish me to do I shall give your wish due consideration.

Very respectfully,
JAMES W. BRIGHT.

SMITH COLLEGE
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President's Office

You deserve very high commendation for the large and significant task which you have undertaken in the proposed Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. Any activity which has occupied such a prominent part in the life of so many nations, and which at the present day fills such a preeminent place in the interest and thought of so large a proportion of our own and all civilized peoples, deserves to be set forth in a thorough and scholarly fashion. It is needless to say that your work will be of value not only to those professionally concerned, but also to all scholars whose fields of knowledge involve a careful, scientific appreciation of such matters as the Greek drama or the plays of Shakespeare.

Very sincerely yours,
M. L. BURTON,
President.

OBERLIN COLLEGE
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President's Office

I can easily see that your proposed Encyclopedia of the Stage will be likely to have a field quite to itself.

Very truly yours,
HENRY C. KING.

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It would seem to me that your intended publication of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage would meet a large want, especially among dramatic writers and critics, and those who are interested in one way and another in the development of the theatre. I wish you all success in the work you propose to publish.

(Signed) DAVID STARR JORDAN.

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It is my sincere desire that the Stage shall realize its splendid possibilities for good, and seek earnestly to achieve its high destiny. It seems to me, therefore, that the plan of your proposed Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage is an excellent one, and that such an encyclopedia would be of immense value. I trust that you will be able to complete the undertaking.

(Signed) S. B. MCCORMICK.

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(Signed) FRANK K. SANDERS.

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Frank K. Sanders, President

Knowing your work on other enterprises, I have no hesitation in commending this particular one. I am sure that it will be of real social and historical value, and I feel equally sure that under your direction it will be effectively carried out.

With my sincere congratulations, believe me,
Cordially yours,
F. K. SANDERS.

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH
Chancellor's Office

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Very truly yours,
S. B. MCCORMICK.
Chancellor.

THE TULANE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS

I am happy to commend most cordially your purpose to prepare the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. You have set before you a great and worthy task, and I wish you abundant success.

Very truly yours,
E. B. CRAIGHEAD,
President.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

I am personally much interested in the drama. It is at present my one hobby, so if any words of mine can be of the slightest help I wish to give it. Here they are:

There is to be noted a rapid increase in the number of colleges offering courses in the study of the drama. Your comprehensive Encyclopedia is bound to have great value as a book of reference. I for one shall hope that we may be able to place it in our college library.

Yours very truly,
FRED W. ATKINSON,
President.

TUFTS COLLEGE
MASSACHUSETTS
Office of the President

I am much interested in the preliminary announcement of the forthcoming Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. So far as I know it is pioneer work. To assemble the material must be a monumental labor for those engaged in it, and the results can not fail to be of an enormous scientific, historical and literary value.

I wish you all success in your great undertaking.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK W. HAMILTON,
President.

VASSAR COLLEGE
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
President's Office

I have no doubt the Encyclopedia will be a very interesting as well as popular one.

Very truly yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

The proposed Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, judging by its prospectus and sample pages, is to be a monumental work. Its value cannot be overestimated. The drama has come to be recognized as one of the great educational forces of the age, and was never of so high a grade as at the present time. There is a place waiting on the shelves of every library for this work, and it cannot fail to find large acceptance.

ALMON GUNNISON, LL.D.,
President St. Lawrence University,
Canton, N. Y.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY
GREENCASTLE, INDIANA

I wish to express my appreciation of your effort to edit a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. I am confident that there is a large place among our literature for such a work and shall await with interest its publication.

Yours faithfully,
R. BERNHARD VON KLEINSMID.

SOCIETE DE L'HISTOIRE DU THEATRE
PARIS, le 26 Decembre 1910.

Vous avez bien voulu me demander mon avis sur votre publication, Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage: le voici.

Tous ceux qui s'occupent de l'histoire du théatre ne peuvent qu'applaudir à la publication de ce vaste travail. On y peut apprécier, notamment, la bibliographie détaillée qui suit chaque article, et qui rendra bien des services aux chercheurs.

(Signed) PAUL GINISTY.
Ancien directeur du theatre National de l'Odéon; secrétaire général de la Société de l'Histoire du Théatre.

London Endorses the Work

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
LONDON, December 21, 1910.

Dear Sir: In answer to yours of the 10th inst., I certainly think that the Universal Encyclopedia of the stage, if completed upon the lines laid down in the Preliminary Announcement you have forwarded me, should prove of the utmost interest and usefulness to all interested in the theatre.

(Signed) S. R. LITTLEWOOD.
(Dramatic Critic)

THE PELICAN
FRANK M. BOYD, Mgr. and Editor.
LONDON, December 22, 1910.

Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you for kindly sending me the Preliminary Announcement of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. The work should prove an invaluable one to all interested in theatrical matters.

(Signed) FRANK M. BOYD.

GARRICK CLUB
LONDON, December 22, 1910.

Dear Sir: It is obvious that a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, carried out with all the completeness that is foreshadowed in your Preliminary Announcement, will be of great value not only to those intimately connected with the stage at this moment, but also to those who will desire to write accurately of plays, actors and dramatists after their day is over. It will form the only contemporary history of the stage that is published. All success to the enterprise.

(Signed) COSMO HAMILTON.

THE STANDARD
LONDON, January 9, 1910.

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, I most cordially welcome your promise of a complete Encyclopedia of the Stage. We want a new Genest badly. We have had some excellent works of reference concerning the theatre published here in recent years, but, from your prospectus, I judge that the Encyclopedia you foreshadow will be on a much more comprehensive scale.

I have no doubt that we on this side will give a hearty support to your enterprise.

(Signed) BOYLE LAWRENCE.

THE GRAPHIC
LONDON, December 22, 1910.

Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you for the program of your Encyclopedia of the Stage, which, it seems to me, would cover ground which has not hitherto been traversed except by different types of books, such as biographical dictionaries, lists of plays and so on. I hope you will include in it the admirable genealogical tables of actors which appeared some years ago in the *Theatre*, and you are quite at liberty to reproduce those I did for the "Green Room Book," published in London two or three years ago. Should you do so, I would be very pleased to bring them up to date.

(Signed) J. M. BULLOCH.

PARIS, December 30, 1910.

Gentlemen: I have received your interesting announcement of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. Such a work is an admirable undertaking.

(Signed) JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Dear Sirs: How I look forward to the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage! What a wonderful work it will be. My best sincere compliments.

(Signed) AUGUSTE VAN BIENE.

WHAT THE "LONDON STAGE" THINKS OF THE UNIVERSAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE STAGE.

"The Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage" is the title of a work which is now in course of preparation in New York. It will be published in twelve volumes of 600 pages each by the *Theatre Magazine*. The work is designed to embrace a history of the drama in all its branches; the biographies of the more prominent actors, dramatists, managers, and people connected with the theatre throughout the world; detailed histories of the principal theatres, ancient and modern, etc. The book promises to be of monumental proportions, and it is to be hoped that the financial support of the scheme will be sufficient to allow the work to be carried out in all its interesting details on the ample and generous lines proposed by our American contemporary.

REPRODUCED FROM THE LONDON "BLACK AND WHITE"

Encyclopedias are not, as a rule, very light reading: but surely an encyclopedia of the stage, even if it is twelve quarto volumes of six hundred pages each, must be the most entertaining and interesting of any. Such is the scope of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, which is announced for publication by the *Theatre Magazine* of New York. It is rather a shock that the first complete project for such a work comes from America, but apparently we have not the energy on this side to carry it out. Indeed, the historical literature of the stage is in such a lamentable condition that a work like this would be welcome even if it were not in such excellent hands. With the exception of Mantzius' work, which is accurate and well written, but, of course, not encyclopedic, I do not think we have any reliable work of the kind in our language: and as the Universal Encyclopedia is a huge enterprise, which is to cover every conceivable subject and individual from the earliest times to yesterday, it will be heartily welcomed by all interested in the drama. The advance prospectus which has been issued shows the immense pains and research that have gone to the making of the work.

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Gerville-Réache, the greatest French contralto

Melba, the greatest English soprano
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Eames, **Farrar** } the greatest American sopranos
Calvé, the greatest French soprano
Gadski, the greatest German soprano
Sembrich, the greatest Polish soprano
Michailowa, the greatest Russian soprano
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